



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



MEMOIRS
OF THE LATE
REV. WILLIAM DUNN
BY
HIS WIDOW

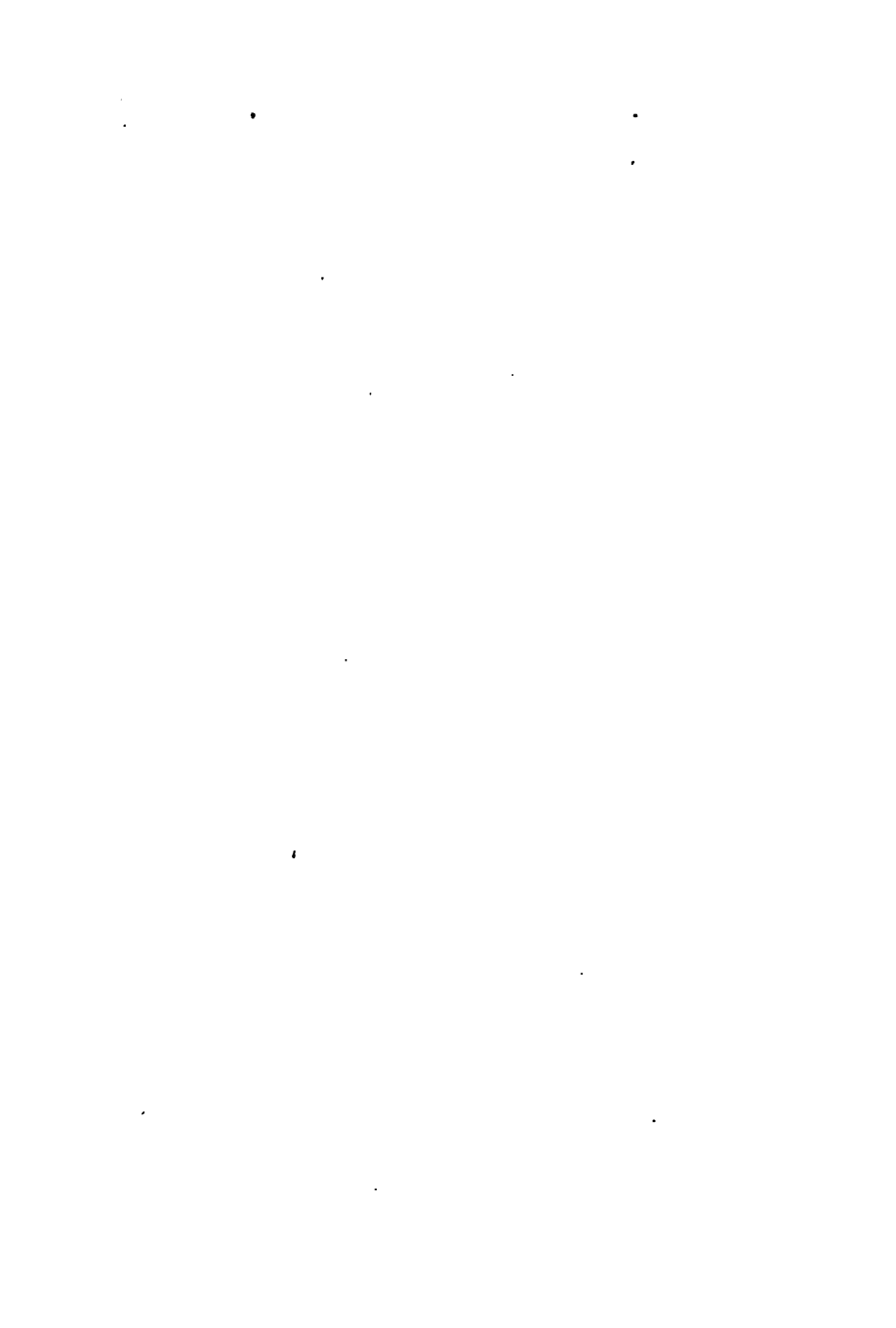


600026250L

The Profits arising from the Sale of this Work
will be divided between the Exeter and Worcester
"City Missions."

ELIZABETH HAMMOND DUNN.

*1, Radnor Place, Mount Radford, Exeter,
September, 1861.*



BRIEF MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

REV. WILLIAM DUNN,

BY HIS WIDOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLD MINES OF OLD ENGLAND," AND "SUNBEAMS TO
CHEER US."

(INCLUDING A WORD OF EXPOSTULATION WITH THE
ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS.)

LONDON:
HATCHARD AND CO., 187, PICCADILLY.
1861.

~~200 C 112~~
210. g. 443



“ As the sunny light, which Evening throws
When Autumn o'er the wide world stealing,
In melancholy radiance glows,
And wakes the very soul of feeling.
Chaste,—solemn,—beautifully bright :
As if the glory and the bliss
Of yonder sphere were given to sight ;
Hallowing all of sin in this !
So thou hast past away ; and nought
Doth now remain, Beloved, of thee,
But deep Remembrance, and the thought—
Ere long we meet in Love's Eternity.”

Affection's Gift.



A M E M O I R, & c.

THE subject of these brief, but faithful memoirs was a Minister of the Established Church, a man of truly Christian spirit, who possessed a heart large enough to own and to love, as a brother, all who held biblical truth, and walked in accordance with its holy precepts. He graduated at Queen's College, Cambridge, and was distinguished as a mathematician, and received College Testimonials accordingly ; but what to him was far more delightful and appreciable than literary or worldly honours, was, the consciousness that he possessed ; deep in the recesses of his " Heart of Hearts," the Gospel Jewel,—the " Pearl " of price untold ! His letters to me, during his University career, were ever brilliantly studded with texts of Scripture, and that, for the space of five years previously to our marriage. He appeared to luxuriate in the radiant fields of biblical literature ; and I deeply regret, that owing to the lapse of time (now Thirty-six Years) since our sorrows and our joys became inmates of

the same bosom ; many of his beautiful manuscripts have passed into oblivion, or into other hands, beyond reach of recovery. He calmly progressed in deep religious feeling and practical piety ; but his health had suffered very sensibly from intense study and application, and he was seriously threatened with consumption : the means used for his restoration were recreative, and the super-added blessing from on High, placed him in a position to think yet once again of preparing for Ordination, and the active duties of the Christian Ministry.

Soon after his convalescence we were united in the holy, and golden links of wedded harmony, and in three weeks afterwards he was supplied by the Bishop of Worcester with Letters Dimissory to the Diocesan of Winchester, (whose Ordination was then close at hand,) and in a short time afterwards he returned to me in a deeply solemnized and heavenly frame of mind ; eager to begin the important work of evangelical ministrations. That great and glorious Being, "Unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known," by the bright and powerful operations of His own Spirit, prepared myblessed Husband's Soul for thegreat work he had to do, and then, by His special providence, directed him to his sphere of action, which, though trying and painful in its experience at first, proved blessed in its results, and paved the way to greater usefulness : and here I must be permitted to digress, and

swerve from my recital, to offer a word of comfort and encouragement to my fellow pilgrims.

There is a *special Providence*:—Christ himself has plainly taught us that sweet truth, and in his love and tenderness beautifully displayed it, in familiar illustrations, to set our anxious hearts and minds at rest! The very order of nature has frequently been reversed to subserve the exigency of the people of God:—the unconscious raven shall be strong enough in the pinion, to convey food for the messengers of the Lord morning and evening; and the numerous well-authenticated narratives we are constantly being furnished with in relation to this subject, and the special answers to prayer, and almost miraculous supplies in the time of perplexity and exigence, are splendid tokens to us all, that we are under *special* “surveillance” and guidance too!—

“ Oh ! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide ! ”

We resume. No sooner was my dear husband ordained, than several proposals were made for his ministerial services: but, (to be brief,) he accepted the offer of a Curacy in the Diocese of Hereford, and accordingly, although in the bleak month of January, and during a deep fall of Snow, we kept our appointment, and with a prayerful spirit placed

ourselves inside the coach that was to convey us to the Vicarage. But we had painted our landscape in colours far too vivid ; we seemed to have forgotten the " Neutral-tint "—the sober brown—the shadows and the far distant ground,—all was bright with glowing Solar rays, and warm with Burnt Sienna, Lake, or Red !

" When Hope turns painter for the heart
How fair is life in every part ;
She upwards points to sunny Skies,
And decks the Earth with rainbow dyes ;
But soon Experience takes her stand,
Snatches the pencil from her hand,
Softens the gaudy colours down,
And gives the picture sober brown !"

Alas ! alas ! on the night of our arrival we were informed by our host (the unhappy Vicar,) that we must prepare for hostilities of every kind, for that the parish was literally in a state of civil war : we soon found it so: nothing could exceed the tempestuous state of the moral and religious atmosphere :—party spirit ran to a tremendous height, and that bird of night, with the sable ruffled plumage, " Discord," had driven away the peaceful " Dove" (with her white and glistening wings) ;—
" Far, far away !"

Tumultuous meetings everywhere proclaimed *the case quite hopeless!* my dear husband's tran-

quility of mind and manner, appeared in broad relief to everything around us, but he proposed withdrawing from scenes so painful and so unpropitious too, fearing his health may suffer. We therefore wrote an appeal to the ecclesiastical authorities to obtain a release from his licence, and power to "Leave so sad a strand," and "Sail away" to happier climes!—by God's blessing our letter brought a speedy and abundant deliverance, and (strange as it may appear to some clerical reader,) the Diocesan of Hereford some time afterwards supplied to my dear Husband; by the hand of the Chancellor, (for the time being;) (the Rev. Doctor Taylor), the sum his Stipend would have amounted to, had he remained at his post as curate there! with a letter from the Bishop of a most honourable, and truly impressive character; which the writer of these memoirs is still in possession of

"Deep in unfathomable minds of never-failing skill,
God treasures up his bright designs, and works his
sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take; the clouds ye
so much dread,

Are charged with mercy, and shall break in blessings
on your head!"—COWPER.

We staid several weeks afterwards, endeavouring to unite *the* people and their pastor, but all in

vain, and we bade them adieu with a deep sense of sorrow, and with a hearty prayer for Piety and Peace! My dear Husband now sighed for a sylvan scene for his spiritual labours; he earnestly prayed for a rural appointment, and soon his wishes were gratified and his hopes all realized! One morning we found a letter upon the breakfast table (from a near relative of mine,) offering the Curacy of that romantic and truly beautiful parish of Suckley, situated near the far-famed mountain of Great Malvern, in Worcestershire. My relative, who was on terms of affectionate intimacy with the worthy Incumbent, (who is since dead,) emphatically stated in his letter that it was the post of honour and of duty for us, (he believed) by special appointment! My dear Husband prayed for direction from above, and we that same day took horses from Worcester, and rode away to that enchanting spot. The artist who loves to give his landscape the character and colouring of Swiss Scenery, here finds scope for his pencil, and "His reward is with him!" The poet too, especially if his spirit be imbued with that true fire of poesy that approaches very near to actual inspiration, finds his imagination soaring higher and yet higher still, until at length with eagle eye, and pinion strong, he finds himself a spirit basking in the rays of light and heavenly love! The most elaborate pencil of the most accomplished artist *would fail* to delineate the scenery of the

Knights-ford-bridge district, and the Ankerdine Mountain! Oh! and the winding, the tortuous course of that "soft and silvery" river Teme, fringed along on either side for miles and miles unnumbered, by the graceful, mournful, "Weeping Willow," luxuriating in its solitude, and nourished by its tears!

"To keep the Lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis Water makes the Willow thrive,
'Tis Faith sustains the Soul!"—COWPER.

One year ago I should have tired even the enthusiast of nature, in glowing descriptions of the lovely landscape scenery of Worcestershire, including the far-famed beautiful Malvern Mountains; but, Alas! a veil of crape has been thrown over it all, and I now leave its loveliness for some far better qualified pen than mine. But we had diverged from the direct line, (as indeed I am now doing and therefore offer an apology for the digression,) we had become Latitudinarians, in the harmless sense of the word; but were soon "All right" and highly gratified, and very shortly afterwards we took up our residence at the old-fashioned Rectory, surrounded by woods and everything that the mind can conceive of the rural and romantic!

My dear and honoured husband had not been preaching the "Words of Eternal Life" long, before

splendid proofs of his ministry were given! For a season a bright halo shone around us (if I may be allowed the expression): our parish and our household were evidently watered by the "Dews of God's blessing:" our children too, soon learned to love the Saviour and sing his praises! My dear Husband now introduced evangelical Psalmody, and his discourses were of that Soul-stirring—Heart-warming character, that the Sabbath-day was hailed with delight by every well-disposed inhabitant of that healthful and delightful district, whose heart was in tune for God and Heaven! "The voice of joy, and spiritual, as well as of bodily health; was in our dwelling."—The Scoffer and the Sceptic found they had a hard battle to fight, and after all, were compelled to lay down their arms, and retire from the contest abashed, and confounded, by the strength of Truth, when placed in competition with their vaunted, fallacious philosophic reasoning! Oh that pride of intellect! that deadly pitfall for the Soul of Man!—that favourite snare of our arch Enemy! Oh the "Sunken Rocks of proud Philosophy!" how many immortals have been shipwrecked there!!

"Lord, what is Man" to sail over Life's dangerous Ocean!—May heavenly wisdom guide the Christian Mariner! then, with "Faith in his heart, Love in his happy and humble Bosom, and Heaven in his eye," he sails with caution and with safety too! (*Oh! blessed Mariner! we see that thou art*

“Homeward bound ;” God speed thee, Mariner, safe by the “Sunken Rocks” and quicksands !)

My husband was a Model Mariner ! He knew well the depths and shoals of this World’s Waters, but he loved to warn others of their danger too, and snatch them from the deep abyss of woe ! His ministry was unostentatious and sincere, and as far as his strength permitted, he was engaged in active duties in the parish unremittingly.

But my dear Husband had now completed twelve years of earnest ministrations at Suckley, when the present philanthropic, and truly worthy Incumbent was appointed to the Living, and therefore we resigned the Rectory to its new and welcome occupant, and after a kindly farewell meeting had been holden, and a Sacramental Presentation of Plate to my dear Husband, with a suitable inscription, had been made, we retired to a family residence at Worcester ; shortly afterwards, however, the present earnest and indefatigable Rector proposed that my dear husband should again resume his ministrations in this district, by taking the Cure of the two “Chapels of Ease” to “Suckley Church,” to which he cheerfully assented, and we returned to our favourite woodland scenes again, and enjoyed it in health and happiness for many years ; until a severely painful bereavement broke a link in our golden chain of domestic love : the death of our eldest Daughter was a *shock* so severely felt by us, each, and

all, that it was with great difficulty we surmounted it, and, indeed, had not very special aid been vouchsafed by One above; it is more than probable that one death would have involved another; so unexpected was the loss of our first-born in her twentieth year; soon afterwards my dear husband sustained a severe shock by a fall from a high spirited horse, and scarcely had he recovered from its ill effects, before he was thrown off the coach in travelling for his health in North Devon: but by the mercy of God, he was not seriously injured.—During our journey through life sometimes sorrows appear to roll in upon us like a full tide; no sooner have we mastered one billow, than we find we have got to “Crest,” another! but, O my fellow-Mariner, they are not sporting themselves at random or in vain; they are all under Divine jurisdiction, whatever we may think of it!

“Yes! Billow after Billow!—see they come
Faster and rougher, as yon beaten bark
Nears the desired Haven! Oftentimes
It seems to sink and lie engulfed;
Or rising, is borne backward by the Tide;
Yet mounting still, and “Cresting” the proud billow,
Wave after wave out-riding, tempest tost, and battered,
On, on it goes! nearing its happy destiny!
“*Poor mariner! art thou not sadly weary?*”

Grows not thine eye confused and dim, with sight
 Of such cold, rough, and wintry waters ?
 Yes, truly so, at times ; but then, my Pole Star,
 Constant, and calm, in yon high Heaven,
 Changes not ! And when dark clouds o'ercast my sky,
 And all seems desolate ; Oh then an unseen Power
 Doth even take the rudder from my hand !
 By Faith I see, and *cling* to it !—
 Yet answer me once *more*, Mariner :—
 When resolute the wind and tide to drive thee backward,
 And beat thy battered bark back from the
 Wished-for Haven, how thinkest thou ?
 O Brother ! though innumerable waves
 Should seem, insuperable between me and rest,
 I *know* that they are numbered ! not one less
 Should bear me Homeward if I had my choice :
 For He who knows what earthly tempests are
 O'er whom did break the wildest billows once,
 He bids these waters swell ! At the appointed time
 The last rough wave shall bear me on its bosom
 On to the Haven of eternal peace !
 No Billows after ! They *are* numbered, Brother !
 Oh *happy* Mariner ! steer on, steer on !
 My tears *will* flow for thee, but they are tears
 Of nature's sympathy ! Faith clears my vision now :
 Steer on ! blest Mariner : steer on, steer on !
 The sea of " Fire and Glass " is sparkling yonder.
 Spread now thy sails aloft : God speed thy course !
 Thy bark doth bear a glorious Banner !
 Floating in the wind we see the Cross in richest
 crimson !

Soon thou wilt reach the Harbour, and right welcome
too !

Steer on ! blest Mariner with Port in view, steer on ! ”

Yes : God’s “ Ambassador ” was a skilful Pilot on Life’s surging Waters, and well he knew which way to steer ! but if the well-known nautical warning of “ Breakers-a-head ! ” boomed on his listening ear ; nothing daunted ; he was ready for healthy action—he knew well that the Bible was the Compass for him to steer by, and he cherished its beaming truths in his honest bosom, and was ever actuated by its inspiring influences !

“ Is Hope a straw upon the stream,
And Faith a shadow on the wave ?
Is Truth the phantom of a dream,
And Right, a mock-word for the Slave ? ”

“ No ! Hope, and Faith, and Truth, and Right,
Are patent blessings from the Skies !
Dear Lamps of Love ! with lustre bright,
To cheer our hearts, and make us wise ! ”

During our annual autumnal sojourn at various parts of the English and Welsh Coast, not a single day elapsed without strenuous efforts being made for the spiritual welfare of those residing there : time and space would fail me to relate the numerous deeply affecting instances that occurred ; *giving proofs of the blessed results of his Sea-side*

ministrations ! One feature in his method of doing incidental good (if we may be allowed the expression), was so characteristic of him, that it must of necessity be here recorded. He would transcribe, in a very legible hand-writing, passages of Scripture, with a short prayer for a blessing upon the Text given, and having well stored his pocket-book with these manuscript jewels, he would proceed to "Sow the Seed ;" in amongst the Fishermen's Boats, and Nets, and Lobster-Baskets ! Many and many a mind was enlightened, many and many a heart was comforted in sorrow, by this mode of applying God's Word, and the results were proved to be permanent in many instances that could be humbly recorded to the glory of God !

In 1850 we visited that intensely interesting locality for the Geologist ; Lyme-Regis, in Dorset : my beloved Husband was a good Geologist in every sense of the word ; and nothing could be more gratifying and satisfactory than to hear his clear elucidations of the subject, in strict accordance with existing facts, and Biblical truth.—He quite luxuriated at Lyme amid the wondrous Rocks, and the masses of remarkable Fossils,—(you need not feel yourself disappointed there ; by walking miles in search of treasures and finding none ! no : for you can scarcely move right or left upon that Beach (a little way from the Town) without seeing something either cropping out of the rocks, or lying on the

ground, that is not well worthy all your notice and your care.) We were busily engaged there for a month, and upon our return, my dear Husband safely deposited a few specimens in the beautiful Museum at Worcester, among which was a section of the Coach-wheel Ammonite, which we discovered in a Cottage Garden for the head of a trough,—the Cottage had been devastated by a fearful Storm, and the Tide had washed away every thing, the inmates had escaped only with their lives; there had been nothing so fearful at Lyme for thirty years! We inquired who the Cottage belonged to, in order to request the favour of this Ammonite by purchase, and accordingly were directed to the Proprietor, who having received us most courteously, begged our acceptance of it, with this highly gratifying addition;—the privilege of availing ourselves of any Fossils we should be disposed to desire upon the line of coast for two miles, which was his private property! My dear Husband was very anxious to improve that awful storm for the spiritual welfare of the people, and the Incumbent offered him his Pulpit upon the occasion; the subject chosen was Jonah in the Storm, and he took for his Text, “What meanest thou, O sleeper?” The effect was electrical at the time, but what is far better, God had directed the arrow, and the results in several *instances* were permanently blessed! During that

terribly magnificent Tempest, the Sea lashed itself into a boiling surge ; rolling in Fire and in Foam ! but it utterly defies the power of description,—and my pen has been so paralyzed by the bereavement of both the beloved ones who were with me at the time, that it would be an utter failure were I to attempt a delineation—but, that some faint idea may be conveyed to the mind of the solemn grandeur of the scene, it may be mentioned, that our dear Daughter, whilst standing at a window in a calm and devotional spirit ; beholding the warring elements, suddenly pointed upwards, saying, “What is that appearance in the sky like fleecy rolling clouds ?” It was an unanswerable question, and we rang the bell for our hostess to give an explanation ; upon which she replied (to my beloved Husband,) “Oh Sir, that is the Sea ! the white fleecy clouds that appear to be in the sky is the Billows !” For some time the storm raged, but at night the gale in a great degree subsided, and the family where we were lodging were going to rest, but my dear Husband recalled them for the purpose of special prayer—we then all retired for the night ; at six in the morning a violent ringing and knocking at the house door suddenly aroused us to action, and in a few minutes a young sailor, and an elderly gentleman, rushed into the passage, who said, “Madam, don’t you know that your house is quite unroofed ?” We were perfectly unconscious of it !—

we had, by a kind Providence, slept sweetly and securely through the night under bare rafters, and only a thin ceiling over our defenceless heads ! My dear Husband, after sending for a carriage to convey us, and our luggage to a place of security, called the family together again to offer a Thanksgiving for such a signal deliverance ; for the roof, instead of falling in upon us, had fallen down “*én masse*” into a yard in one vast heap of debris ! but God by his special providence had not only rescued his faithful “Ambassador” from actual and imminent danger, but also directed him through the medium of this unceremonious, but kind-hearted visitor, to a place of security and comfort : within the space of one hour we found ourselves in spacious apartments upon Sidmouth Hill, a quarter of a mile out of the Town of Lyme-Regis, where we remained until our return home ; much benefitted by the lovely atmosphere, and heavily laden with the Ammonite, and other treasures with which that interesting place abounds.

Our dear Daughter, soon after our return from beautiful Lyme-Regis, became the Wife of the present highly-talented and estimable Professor of Geology at the Royal College, Cirencester, James Buckman, Esq., who, alas ! in sixteen months had to mourn the loss of his bosom Jewel !— He has since placed a splendid Memorial Window in the Church of “*The Holy Trinity*” at Watermoor in Cirences-

ter, with a suitable Inscription, recording also the death of her lovely Infant Boy (Conrad Buckman). This bereavement was a most severe shock, and my dear Husband's constitution having been already shattered, the trial was, in that and many other respects, threefold, but his lovely mind and heaven-taught soul "Did battle" most bravely with the fond feelings of his heart, and never did he appear to greater advantage than at this solemn crisis.—

" 'Mid the gloom, the vivid lightnings
With increasing brightness play ;
'Mid the thorn-brake, sweetest Flow'rets
Look more beautiful than May !

" So in darkest dispensations
Doth the power of Faith appear,
Bringing down sweet consolations
To re-animate and cheer !"—GEMS.

My Husband was a bright and "sunny" Christian ; diffusing (if I may be allowed the expression,) light, and warmth, and cheerfulness, both from the pulpit and around the parish ; extending the kindly hand of fellowship to every sincere believer of every section of Christ's Church, who held pure biblical views and doctrines, entirely free from the alloy of Socinianism, or Antinomianism, or other false and dangerous views, though differing in Church government and outward forms of worship. Oh ! he

possessed a spirit too holy, a heart too large, to spurn another from party feeling ; he lived in the enjoyment of the "Walk and Triumph of Faith" in the dear Redeemer, and His great Atonement ! His was a patent happiness, resulting from the inward consciousness that he was building on the "Rock of Ages," and not upon the Sands. Alas ! we sometimes see the Sceptic and the Infidel but too successful in propagating dangerous error, by just assuming all the cheerfulness and happiness which is ever connected with the Spirit of Truth and due appreciation of the "Bible."—His was the sterling sunshine of the Soul ; but never was he so elevated and so truly happy, as when at any time he had good reason to believe that his public or private ministry had received a special blessing by the conversion of any heart to God ! then he would be very bright in spirit, and triumphantly exclaim—

"Satan, thou hast a captive lost,
And Christ a trophy won !"

He would always teach a convert the following lines of Cowper,—

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy healing wounds supply,
Redeeming Love hath been my theme,
And shall be till I die :

“ Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 Whilst this poor mortal, dying tongue
 Lies silent in the grave ! ”

Thirteen years had expired since our return to the enchanting locality of the Parish of Suckley, when, alas ! it became too evident that health demanded for my dear devoted husband, quietude, and change of air :—his lungs were rapidly giving way, in connection with other ailments, and we were medically advised to repair to the South for the benefit of Sea and Mountain air combined ; we therefore bade adieu to scenes where one with pallid cheek, and lustrous eye, had so long spoken words of electricity and told of Jesus and his power to save !—the Holy Spirit and his solemn work upon the Soul, and of that Heavenly Father, who owns and loves his family, of whatever class or name they may be called.

In yonder world of “ Spirits bright ” is many a ransomed cottager, who, Sabbath after Sabbath, would listen in deep humility to his soul-stirring strains of a Redeemer's love, until, as journeying homeward, they would say, “ ‘ Did not our hearts burn within us ’ as he spoke of Jesus and his power to save ! ” (Oh ! with faith's eagle-eye we see him now radiant with reflected glory from the throne of God !)

Yes ! by the super-added blessing from on High, many very striking conversions resulted from the

solemn and heart-felt ministrations of my dear Husband, and one in particular, of a young woman who had gone to such lengths of iniquity previously to her residence in our parish, that to all appearance she had given herself up as lost, and so had become utterly reckless :—possessing great personal attractions, and having quick perceptions, with a very fair understanding ; and all these being polluted and desecrated, instead of being blessed and consecrated to the service of God, called forth our sorrow and our sympathy ; and her Minister soon resolutely commenced an attack upon one, who although only in her twenty-third year, might, for her spiritual wickedness, be designated “ Legion ” (as she afterwards truthfully expressed herself). For several months all appeals appeared to be fruitless ; but nothing daunted, her Pastor persevered ; and on one occasion, when on a visit to his excellent Mother, (who resided at Worcester,) he implored her to “ come over and help us ” to restore her, as also to aid us with an old man (a basket-maker) who still resisted all attempts made to save him, and who was an avowed Infidel. He spoke of the perilous position of them to his parent, until he became subdued even to tears, and his enlightened and truly pious Mother, then consented to lend us her best assistance, which she did accordingly, and with very delightful results : the young woman by degrees became more disposed to lend an ear, until at length she

consented to read the Bible : we furnished her with that and narrative Tracts ; but it was not until she began to *pray* that there was any real life in her case, and that may well be registered as the “Turning point” in every sinner’s history ! The late Mrs. Sherwood was a much-loved friend of my dear Husband’s Mother, and our parish abounded with her pious writings ; but Oh ! when once the Spirit of the living God touches the heart and Soul of erring man or woman, it is present death to Sin, and deliverance from all its tremendous consequences—the fetters fall !—the captive is set at liberty—no longer the slave—the tortured slave of the cruel task-master of the human race ; the chains are severed by a touch from Omnipotence—the fetters fall to the ground, and the prisoner escapes for ever ! Oh ! this is emancipation !—this is the liberty the Gospel offers—freedom from the love and the power of Sin ! and this was beautifully exhibited in the instance of that young woman : she became a sweet Christian—Yes ! a model Christian ; and who at the Sacrament Table was more welcome to “Eat of that Bread” and “Drink of that Cup” than that now humble, earnest, penitent, believing, loving, and lovely young woman ;—a brilliant Jewel now, in a blessed Eternity with one whom she designated her “Evangelist !”

Time and space would fail me to relate the numerous interesting incidents that occurred during

the period of my dear Husband's Ministry in that delightful district ; but as we have just stated, the time had arrived when his " Labours of love " were to assume another character : and here, with sentiments of respectful gratitude, we present to the present philanthropic Pastor of Suckley, a bouquet gathered from nature's choicest floral beauties, expressive of Christian gratitude for all his kindness to the subject of these brief memoirs when in declining health. We also beg him to accept the following poetical tribute from the Book of Psalmody which my dear Husband introduced, and which is still permitted to be used in that Church,—

" Blest, who with generous pity glows,
 Who learns to feel another's woes
 Bows to the feeble voice his ear,
 And wipes the helpless orphan's tear !
 A Friend Divine shall smooth his bed,
 And when in sorrow, raise his head ;
 In every form of human woe
 The Saviour's pity he shall know."

Thirteen years (as before stated) had passed away since our return to that lovely locality—Nature's favourite district ; when we were compelled, for the benefit of my dear husband's health, to bid it all a long and, as it ultimately proved, a lasting *adieu* !

We soon afterwards took up our abode upon the coast, and he found there was abundant work for him as an "Evangelist." He loved the Saviour in his "Heart of Hearts!" and he soon began to teach sinners how to fling away that cruel wreath that bound Christ's temples with its piercing thongs—he taught them by God's help to hate Sin: but a very painful and an unlooked-for incident again injured his already shattered constitution, and we felt it our duty to obey medical guidance and retreat from the Sea.

At Exeter he again began in earnest, though in comparative retirement, to "do the work of an Evangelist," and for the last six happy years he had greatly improved in health, and had enjoyed the luxury of living to do good from day to day!—from hour to hour!

He highly appreciated the writings of an evangelical Minister, who has since entered his Master's joy, and transcribed the following portion of a sermon for the benefit of everybody with whom he associated, with a solemn prayer, and Texts of Scripture (very successfully) it was as follows:—"The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple!" **Mal. iii. 1—3.** "Whereunto shall we liken the people of this generation, and to what are they like?" "I represent to myself a number of persons, of various characters, involved in one common charge of high treason. They are already in a state of con-

finement, but not yet brought to their trial. The facts, however, are so plain, and the evidence against them so strong and pointed, that there is not the least doubt of their guilt being fully proved, and that nothing but a pardon can preserve them from punishment: in this situation, it should seem to be their wisdom to avail themselves of every expedient in their power for obtaining mercy; but they are entirely regardless of their danger, and wholly taken up with contriving methods of amusing themselves, that so they may pass away the term of their imprisonment with as much cheerfulness as possible: among other resources, they call in the assistance of music, and amidst a great variety of subjects in this way, they are particularly pleased with one! they choose to make the solemnities of their impending trial, the character of their Judge, the methods of His procedure, and the awful sentence to which they are exposed, the ground-work of a musical entertainment, and, as if they were quite unconcerned in the event, their attention is chiefly fixed upon the skill of the composer, in adapting the style of his music to the very solemn language and subject with which they are trifling. The king, however, out of his great clemency and compassion towards those who have no pity for themselves, prevents them with his goodness: undesired by them, he sends them a gracious message. He assures them, that He is unwilling they should

suffer : He requires, yea, He entreats them to submit. He points out a way in which their confession and submission shall be certainly accepted, and in this way, which he condescends to prescribe, he offers them a free and a full pardon : but instead of taking a single step towards a compliance with his goodness, they set His message likewise to music : and this, together with a description of their previous state, and of the fearful doom awaiting them (if they continue obstinate), is sung for their diversion, accompanied with the "Sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of instruments !" Surely, if such a case as I have supposed could be found in real life, though I might admire the musical taste of these people, I should deeply commiserate their insensibility !" My dear husband was much delighted with the happy results of this method of showing up the thoughtlessness of the present age—he felt keenly for those who felt nothing for themselves ;—he was a deep prophetic student, and felt the full weight of his solemn subject.

The following simple lines are very descriptive of him ; and in all their great simplicity they are powerfully so :—

" I've watched the Sea-Bird calmly glide
Unruff'd o'er the ocean tide ;
Unscar'd, he heard the water's roar,
In foaming breakers, on the shore ;

Fearless of ill, himself he gave
 To rise upon the lifting wave ;
 Or sink, to be awhile unseen,
 The undulating swells between,
 Till as the evening shadows grew,
 Noiseless, unheard, aloft he flew ;
 While soaring to his rock-built nest,
 A *Sunbeam* lighted on his breast,
 A moment glitter'd in mine eye,
 Then, quickly vanish'd through the sky. .
 While by the pebbly beach I stood,
 That Sea-bird on the waving flood,
 Pictur'd, in my enraptur'd eye,
 The man at peace with God !—now high,
 Now low, upon the gulf of life,
 Rais'd or depress'd, in peace or strife ;
 Calmly he kens the changeful wave,
 He dreads no storms, he fears no grave :
 To him the world's tumultuous roar,
 Dies, like the echo on the shore.
 ' Father ! thy pleasure all fulfill,
 I yield me to thy sovereign will ;
 Let worldly comforts ebb, or rise,
 Tranquil on Thee, my soul relies.'
 Then, as advanc'd the shades of night,
 Long plum'd, he takes his heavenward *flight*.
 But as he mounts, we see him fling
 A beam of glory from his wing ;
 A moment to our aching sight,
 Then lost in boundless realms of light ! ! ”

But alas ! alas ! the day arrived when my ever-blessed husband was destined to leave his earthly home, never, never more to return !

A solemn pause the subject now demands—a solemn pause indeed !—

“The place whereon we stand is holy ground !”

How shall we breathe in this celestial atmosphere !

——“Some angel guide my pencil !”

It was a bright and lovely morning when, with gladsome heart and elastic step, we mounted the Coach from Exeter for health-inspiring Cornwall. Oh how wisely it is ordered by our Heavenly Father, that none of his family shall know the awful future ; else should we fail when the dark hour arrives, and be exhausted with the dread anticipation of the approaching evil :—neither must we breathe a murmur, or question His procedure !

“Not Gabriel asks the reason why ?

Nor God the answer gives :

The fav’rite angel dares not pry

Between the folded leaves !”

We enjoyed in perspective the division of our time between Launceston and Bude ; at which latter place we had derived so much benefit the previous autumn (with the exception of one painful incident that occurred during our stay).

Our journey being completed, we partook heart-

tilly of refreshment of the best description, at the hotel, and, upon inquiry, were directed to a most healthful and beautiful Boarding-house, where indeed everything that human nature can require, for comfort and gratification, is readily supplied by active hands and truly Christian hearts : but earthly comforts now could nought avail : the golden chain of our affection (bright with the wear of Thirty-six brief Years,) was now to be snapped asunder—the Days and Hours were numbered for all of human happiness that remained to us ! My dear Husband however appeared much better than usual, and we discussed the various points of attraction for walks and drives during our stay at Launceston. Accordingly, four days afterwards we invited a Christian Friend, then in the Boarding-house, to accompany us, in an open Phaeton, to view some beautiful Italian Scenery at about five miles distance—the day proved fine, and nothing could exceed the innocent enjoyment of that morning's drive : we each collected Ferns and Mosses to our taste, and we returned to Launceston laden with treasures, and the carriage was quite adorned with the sweeping boughs of the Beech-nut Tree. After partaking of a hearty dinner, my dear Husband proceeded to press the Ferns and Mosses for my Botanical Collection ; and again we sallied forth to find a suitable place for the next evening (after we returned from *Werington Park*, for which we had engaged the

Phaeton) : from whence we could take a fair sketch of the beautiful Castle ; we then returned to tea, which he appeared to enjoy exceedingly ; but it became necessary to remind him that such an unusual flow of untiring energy and spirits must be checked, or it would be followed, perhaps, by a degree of depression ; however he appeared quite unconscious that he was exceeding his physical capabilities, and after tea supplied himself with several religious Papers, and resolutely in high spirits walked to a neighbouring Parish to distribute them ; but Oh ! when he returned to the Boarding-house with slow and solemn-measured step, it was but too obvious he had experienced a sad reverse : he lay down on the couch faintly beckoning me, and said, " Oh my Hammy ! I thought *you* would be unhappy at my being away so long, and I walked too fast up a dreadfully steep hill, and do you know I thought at first I was arrested by Death ! "—here we were both in an indescribable state of painful solicitude, and as a natural result of such feelings of perplexity, I wished of course to send immediately for medical aid, but he insisted that the pain was all gone, and that now he was all right again, and he earnestly entreated me to say no more upon the subject, adding, " To convince you that it has all passed off again, and that I am perfectly well, I mean to enjoy some Eggs for my supper and a glass of Sherry : " accordingly he did, and about

an hour afterwards, when the rest of the family retired for the night, he remarked, that as we were to drive out again the next morning to the Seat of a Nobleman in the neighbourhood, we would go to bed at once: but Oh for language to pourtray the Tragedy that now awaited us! the scene that followed cannot be described, nor scarcely imagined.—

“Upstarting at the midnight cry!

Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!”

Efficient medical aid was obtained as speedily as possible, but the following lines must supply the place of any language of mine:—

“The Death-bed of the Just! ’tis yet undrawn
By mortal hands; its challenge is divine:
Angels must paint it—Angels ever there;
There, on the Post of honour, and of joy—
I pause—yet ’tis Religion to proceed
And enter, awed, the temple of my theme!
Is it His Death-bed? *No*: it is his shrine—
Behold Him there just rising up to God!
But Oh that heart of hearts! what God-like magnanimity!

I thought Him man till now!———

Through nature’s wreck, through vanquished agonies
(Like the stars struggling through deep midnight gloom)

What gleams of joy! what sweet imparted peace!

Is this mortality? Is man a worm?

Oh! rather say, view man when a Believer!

Is this what we call Death ? 'Tis *life* if Christ be
near—

'Tis *more* than life—'tis Immortality begun !
The very atmosphere is charged with Love—
A chain electric from the Throne of God.
Man little lower than the Angels in his first creation
Far, far surpasses them in majesty and grace,
When by God's Spirit breathed into his Soul
In Jesus he believes ! then 'tis not death to die,
Oh no—oh no ! 'tis Life and blissful Immortality ! ”

DR. YOUNG.

The calm and heavenly expression of his countenance, his ever beautiful features lighted up by the sweet Seraphs, Faith, Hope, and divine Love, rendered him a perfect model for the Painter and the sacred Poet ; but when he spoke in gentle accents of the imparted strength vouchsafed from yonder glorious Throne, (where reign the Triune Deity !) the estimable and efficient Physician who was in constant attendance upon him, may well have written afterwards, “ It is a privilege few have, to witness such a Death-bed ! ” The living water of the Gospel was in him—“ a well of water springing up [indeed] to everlasting Life ! ”—the great truths of the Bible which he had so often preached to others, now gloriously sustained his own Spirit—His eye was lustrous with Divine Love—That Great and Holy Spirit, whose office it is to take of the

things of Christ and show them to the suffering Saint,—

Convey'd the foretaste of eternal bliss,
And tuned his happy Soul for heavenly minstrelsy,
He speaks and smiles unutterable joy, despite the
mortal anguish,
Proclaims, amidst the pangs of agony, a Saviour's
Love!

Exalts *Him* high—above all praise,
And then with features brightening with the glow
“Of incommunicable lustre from above,”
He tells of that sweet union God's own Spirit hath
With *His*, baptized with the Redeemer's blood!
He is triumphant in his car of agony:
He suffers there in solemn grandeur;
And finally he gives, not yields, his life,
And closes with his fate!
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixed to man?”
He had loved holiness!—He walked with God—
He owned the Saviour, and He aids him now;
This the great secret is!

Oh yes! he long had loved, and lived for, the Redeemer—“His glory, his sole aim!” Self-sacrifice was an easy task to him where the interests of Religion were concerned, and he would sometimes expostulate with the enemies of Divine Truth even to tears!

During the solemn season of the last three weeks of *his* mortal existence I was enabled to take notes

of some of the beautiful expressions that fell from his hallowed lips, "Touched [as they were] with a coal" from yonder Altar!—So bright a beacon in the dark valley of Death, must spread its cheering and its holy influence around, and prove a blessing! The day after he was attacked with congestion of the Lungs, he expressed his surprise and gratitude for the speedy relief afforded to him after the arrival of the Medical Practitioner of Launceston, Dr. West, and said, "Amongst other mercies received we should be grateful for medical science and skill," and added, "I found relief to my breathing in three minutes after I took those Drops." After a little quietude, and enjoying a short slumber, he awoke refreshed, and again alluded to medical science and skill, adding, "But the cure of Souls, that is the cure!—the Great Physician! oh what a rich mercy to know and to feel that we are in His hands! Jesus!—Oh *what a name!*—*what a name!* He cures from the deadly disease of Sin!—the love and the power of Sin is made to fly from the heart, as well as its pollution and guilt, when He undertakes the Cure of the Soul!" Here he laid his hand upon the Bible, which was on a table near him, and said, "Who can sufficiently appreciate this Book!—Oh precious treasure!—My Hammy, bind it closer than ever to your bosom! Oh yes! it is Divine!—it is Divine! Pity and pray for all who disparage that precious—blessed Book!"

In the evening he again stated his belief that it was a Death-seizure he had experienced, and added, "Yes, the time has arrived, my blessed Hammy, when we shall have to part!" Here nature for a while triumphed over us, and we wept together. After reading a few passages from the Revelations descriptive of the heavenly Glory, where there is no more pain, neither sorrow nor sighing, and no night there, he again rallied, and said, with an expression of resignation and holy love, "Remember my Hammy, you will not be lonely though you will go back home without *me*: oh no! no!—that Book is Divine! you will hear the voice of the Triune God in His written Word—you know well the Spirit will apply it to your heart and Soul!" (He became deeply affected here, and the conversation was suspended). In the evening he was very anxious about me, and expressed a great desire that the Medical Attendant should be instructed to watch over me, lest solicitude and watchfulness should overpower me. He then repeated those lines,—

"Yon sapphire cloud and those gleams divine,
 Oh they tell of a rest far greater than thine!
 Of a land of all that is hallowed and dear,
 Of a land of love undashed by a tear;
 Of a spring whose Birds no winter dread,
 Of *Flowers* ne'er braided to die o'er the dead!"

Here he took refreshment, and then slept several hours. Soon after he awoke a friend arrived with a presentation of delicious Grapes and a beautiful bouquet of hot-house Flowers, which exceedingly gratified and refreshed him in body and mind : he then spoke earnestly to him upon the vital truths of Christianity, and shewed up the difference between a Religion of mere Reason, and a true and living Faith produced in the Soul of Man by a touch from the finger of God, the Holy Spirit ! He said, " Men may contrive by their intellectual resources and devices to live with some degree of contentment without the Jewel of the Gospel in their bosom, but when pain and death approach, how then ? well may they shudder as the Satanic Curtain of Scepticism and Infidelity is gradually undrawn by a solemn invisible hand !—(He had witnessed two instances of death in this terrible form). It was here remarked to him that he had promised some time ago to publish his views upon the present Times in connection with the prophetic parts of Scripture, and he was asked if he felt desirous that his intention should be carried out : He replied, " I *do* feel desirous that something may be published for the spiritual interests of my poor dying fellow-creatures ; but I would say now, as a man nearing the Ocean of Eternity, publish nothing but the grand and sublime Truths of the Gospel, as clearly and practically set forth there—

publish the Work of the Spirit upon the Soul, and how He convinces the most amiable and virtuous of people, that without Christ even they would be lost!—lost! for ever lost!—The Atonement! oh publish its worth, (if indeed it could be done!)” He appeared to possess untiring energy in speaking upon sacred subjects, and was obliged to be frequently affectionately restrained from speaking.

One morning after taking his breakfast he, with great calmness and sweetness of expression, pointed upwards and said, “Home—Home! —Oh there is Home.—There my dear Emily and Loui’re: there my blessed Wife shall be, there I shall soon be, and there that Friend who purchased Heaven for us waits to bid us welcome!” The Bible being handed to him, he laid his dear emaciated hand upon it and prayed, that the heart that was soon to be widowed might place its hopes there, and find a strong arm and a bright eye within those pages. He was much attached to Dr. Bonar’s writings, and before his last fatal attack he frequently transcribed his sacred pieces: the following lines he prized for their truthfulness, and placed them within the cover of his Bible:—

“ Although within this Book are found
 Depths, (for the deepest too profound,)
 Yet float there on that sacred Sea
Flowers of sweet simplicity!

To humble minds profusely given,
And perfumed with the breath of Heaven."

His countenance was literally beaming with heavenly influence. Yes: here was to be seen the true Believer triumphing (by strength imparted from on High,) over bodily weakness in connection with occasional intense mortal agony; yet the very tear, that sometimes stood in his eye from bodily anguish, "looked like a Pearl, for beauty, from the spiritual enjoyment of the Soul!" He was favoured with very refreshing and sweet sleep at intervals during the day, and his nights were (by God's superadded blessing to the efficiency of medical means,) peculiarly quiet and restorative. He frequently expressed his gratitude to God and all kind friends for this great mercy, as he said it enabled him the more readily to pour forth his sentiments, and leave a Testimony for Jesus!

One evening a Minister belonging to a Baptist Church in the neighbourhood calling to sympathize with him, he extended his hand towards him, with a smile of Christian affection, saying, "All one family, dear Brother—all one family in Christ!" He then spoke of the vital importance of taking right views of the Triune Deity! After a long pause, and a short slumber, he was very anxious to resume this subject, and entreated me to explain it to the ignorant by his favourite illustration, (*which was, of three bright burning lamps*

being placed separately upon a table, producing one harmonious light!) His anxiety was intense that these doctrines should be inculcated with as little mystification as possible.

At this period of our solemn yet glorious experience in the Chamber of Death, Gratitude presents me with a Tablet whereon to inscribe the Samaritan kindness of those Clergymen who, from time to time, so disinterestedly lavished upon him their fruits and flowers, and united with him in refreshing prayer:—will they, through this public medium, accept my ever grateful thanks, and may He who approves and owns the cup of cold water given in His name to one of His Disciples, abundantly bless them and their families, and in their basket and store, for their refreshing visits, and their fruits and flowers. My dear Husband expressed great admiration of their disinterested kindness, and desired me to select from our Cabinet some Geological Specimens for them as a Thank-offering.

“His Spirit lives, and high it beameth,” but “how is the bright gold of this world become dim” to one who has lost so precious a Jewel?—the fruit may ripen, and the flowers display their roseate beauty, and diffuse their fragrance around, but all is changed—all that charmed and delighted the eye and heart has now assumed a *chastened aspect*—Experience has indeed snatched

the pencil from the hand that was depicting the landscape so glowing and so fair, and has thrown a sable mantle over it all—

“ But hush ! my fond heart hush !
 There is a land of better promise
 Ere long ; (when yon dark stream is passed)
 We both shall meet in Christ to part no more.”

H. K. WHITE.

A Clergyman one morning upon coming into his chamber presented him cheerfully with a most splendid selection of the choicest flowers ; upon receiving them from his hand he smiled expressively, and exclaimed, “ What have you been to Paradise before me ! ” he afterwards expatiated upon the characteristic loveliness of each flower, and their analogy to the leading Doctrines of Evangelical Truth : the following verse was then recited to him from a sacred Lyric which our dear Daughter had used to sing,—

“ They strike the mind with pure delight
 And ardent love for Him who bled,
 This shows the justifying white,
 And that the rich atoning red ! ”

He clasped his hands with deep-felt emotion and raised his lustrous blue eyes to Heaven, then said, “ The justifying white—the rich atoning red ! The Atonement ! yes : there is ‘ solid rock, and all is

sea beside.' O, my Hammy Dear, were I as holy as either of the Prophets were—did I possess Isaiah's glow of heavenly fire, I would say, this is my state, this is my case—a Sinner saved by Grace—washed in Christ's Blood, clothed in His Robe of Righteousness :—all—all is given : nothing merited : No, No! these doctrines are humiliating to the proud heart of man, but they are true : " Christ must save, and Christ alone !"

Days and weeks rolled on, and my dear Husband was pluming his wings for Heaven. Time and space preclude the possibility of recording numberless beautiful incidents and expressions ; and in another week I was to hear that tender and sacred voice no more on earth—no more !—

" Heaven waits not the last moment ; owns her friends
On this side Death ; and points them out to men :
A lecture solemn and of sovereign power !
To Vice, Confusion ; and to Virtue, Peace!
Triumphant Faith has majesty in Death,
And greater still the more the Tyrant frowns.
My William ! he severely frowned on thee ;
No warning given—unceremonious fate :
A sudden rush from life's domestic joy—
A wrench from all we love—from all we are—
A restless bed of pain—(feeble nature's dread !)"

He was constantly urging every one to love the

Gospel and to suffer no man to spoil their faith by philosophy falsely so called, but to be watchful lest any man take their crown. He was obliged to be constantly reminded not to exert himself, but his heart was so full of love, and his mind so stored with glittering truths, that he could not forbear giving utterance to them.

Time was now drawing to a close, and the solemn hour was near, when he with whom I had so happily lived for thirty-six brief years was about to ascend, like Elijah in a car, almost visible to mortal eye, to Glory! He gently urged me to consider the passage, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!" He said, "My Hammy, I take it thus, Jesus Christ the same to-day as yesterday, (I know by happy experience, and so do you, what He was yesterday,) the same to-day and for ever—for ever!"

A writer of the present day somewhere beautifully and truthfully remarks, "How frequently the departure of a bright and glowing Christian reminds us of the majestic Orb of Day rising slowly and then gradually maturing in his greatness and heavenly beauty, until at length we behold him plunge into the west, and stand entranced at the resplendent glory we have witnessed." Thus was it with my blessed and beloved Husband. I must not—nay, I cannot enter further into detail of the scenes that passed before me after the blood-vessel rup-

tured near the heart.—Woman is woman still :—
Grace can do much, but there are

“Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given,
Bear hearts electric.”

Very early one morning, a few days before he departed, he expressed a wish that if it were the will of God he might exchange worlds during sleep. I inquired the reason, and he replied with tearful eye, “Then I should not know the pain of seeing my Hammy for the last time on earth :” his emotion became extreme, and he waved his dear hand, saying,

“Let us pray.”

By God’s mercy I was enabled to meet his wishes, and we were both strengthened from on High, and enabled to say from the heart, “O righteous Father, Thy will be done.” That day he had great spiritual enjoyment, although much bodily suffering : he was enabled to “Comfort his Comforters,” and enjoined every body who entered his chamber to walk in holy obedience to the written Word of God.

Suffice it therefore to say, that Faith, Hope, and Love (blest Seraphs,) never forsook his dying pillow, but waited there ; at length he softly said, “Hammy, are you near me now ?” I replied, “Yes, dearest : close by you.” He said, “I cannot *see* you now, but I can hear your dear voice.” I

replied, "God's voice says, 'Fear not, I am with thee.'" For some time all was silent as the midnight hour. I was standing beside him, and presently he whispered. "Hammy, my Hammy." I knelt down close to him, eager to catch the words he uttered, and then he said, "The Seraphim's Song! Hammy :—The Seraphim's Song!—The sounds—the sounds—the Seraphims' Song!" He never breathed another word after that, but quietly and without a sigh or struggle—

" My Husband was a Spirit bright
In yonder world of love and light !"

Oh my dear brother and sister in Jesus, whoever you may be, or wherever your "pilgrimage home," give this Testimony to the power of the Gospel a place in your heart. Time is ever on the wing : it will shortly be *our* turn to meet the last enemy : the solemn hour may be nearer than we have any idea of : the subject of these brief Memoirs was ready ! let us keep in constant view those premonitory words, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Of the subject of these Memoirs it might be said, as of Mendelssohn,—

" A beam of Immortality unto the man was given,
The fulness of the light hath burst upon his Soul in
Heaven ! "

But the bliss of the redeemed, when having thrown

off this mortal coil the Spirit bounds to glory, the mind cannot conceive the shadow of an idea of—No; No! the subject is too high for us; we cannot “Span the arch;” we all must “Die to know it;” and until then we bow in reverential love, and adore the Apocalyptic Vision, but Time flies with a tremendous maximum of speed. Bishop Heber emphatically says, “Look around with an observant eye, and mark what constant change is everywhere: there is no stay in anything here.” Which of us (if thoughtful) does not feel himself and everything around him with various degrees of speed, but with equal certainty hastening on to dissolution and decay? while all which we enjoy has no more comparative permanence than our good or bad reception in an inn, or the still briefer accidents of a voyage? Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides gently down the narrow channel through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy border; the trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties round us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty; our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and a deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent, we are animated by the moving picture of

enjoyment and industry which passes before us ; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment : but our energy and our dependence are both in vain ; the stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs alike are left behind us ; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor ; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed ; whether rough or smooth the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the shore loses sight of us, and we take our last look of those we love!" O then for a firm, and yet still a firmer hold of Him who walked upon the waters ; then for the Spirit's gentle accents whispering to the Soul, " It is I, be not afraid."—The Bible ! the Bible ! Oh that blest Fountain of transparent Truth, which alone can present to earth's pilgrims a sweet refreshing draught during their journey through life, to raise their drooping spirits, and restore their wasted energies ; say, can it be that men of mortal mould, harbour within that bosom a heart so adamant and so cruel, as to desire to rob us of our Jewel, and snatch with reckless and remorseless hand a pen to bid us seek for comfort in mere Reason and her train of human worshippers !—" Oh tell it not in Gath,

publish it not in the streets of Askelon !” Oh ye proud reasoning boastful Philistines, “the Sling and Stone” must do its duty well, and make the valley echo with the fall of him who challenges the God of Israel. Ye pride yourselves in nightshade reasoning : it ever did, and ever will, benumb the brain; keep out a true and living faith in the Truth as it is bright in Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit, and bring about, instead thereof, a deep, a dark, and deadly sleep—that terrible lethargy that must imperil your immortal Soul ! Oh in mercy retrace your erring steps, wander no farther from the Word of Truth ; why forsake the verdant Meadows of Biblical Literature and Fountain of Living Waters to follow those who have traversed before you the parched and sandy desert of mere human Reason, and have at last lain down in sorrow, with no other light than sparks of their own kindling ! retrace your misguided footsteps, return to the safe and narrow path that leads to Eternal Life ; renounce Error ere the chilly hand of Death suddenly grasp your mental faculties, and you are forced to plunge into the cold deep stream, not knowing how or where your trembling spirit may find a landing place. The Bible is indeed a blessed Book : it is the only remedy for breaking hearts, the weeping Widow’s only restorative ! The Voice of God in His written Word is her only sure support—it is *her arm of defence by day—it is her pillow of*

repose by night ! Oh seek not to deprive her of so rich a treasure ! say, what is gold compared with it ? take all her earthly riches from her you do her no wrong compared with this : nay, rather lend a helping hand, and bid her “ bind it to her bosom ” as he did, with whom for thirty-six bright Summer Suns she had loved and lived the Bible ! Behold the Widow in her first hour of bitter bereavement, when after days and weeks of tender watchfulness, all—all is over—and he whom she loved so long, so tenderly, is gone, is gone for ever ; and she is left alone ! the full tide of nature rushing impetuously forth and threatening to overwhelm her bursting bosom, when the still small voice whispers her “ the Saviour lives,” where is thy Bible ?—she seeks retirement, and then on bended knee and upward tearful eye she pleads in prayer for strength and guidance, nor pleads in vain ; soon the sweet gentle influence of the blessed Spirit gives the right bias to her heart and soul : points her to Jesus and the written Word, she reads, and with a thankful humble chastened spirit, clasps to her heart the Bible ! in letters sparkling forth like diamonds she sees, “ Let thy Widows trust in Me ; ” then let the night winds blow, and the vivid forked lightnings flash ; she is safe within the hollow of that Hand that hurls the thunderbolt against the unbeliever. Her soul adores, and trusts, and loves : Her “ Maker is her Husband.”

Oh that brilliant eye that never sleeps, that gracious Being to whom "the night is as clear as the day," watches over the believing Widow; His strong arm is ever uplifted to defend or to avenge her wrongs !

Oh Essayist, beware of invading the territories of the Universal King, and despoiling poor human nature of her best and dearest interests : we must and will defend our rights, and all your fallacious reasoning and seductive sophistry must, if not repented of, teach you a terrible stern lesson ; why waste your precious time in arguing against a Book which is in its origin essentially Divine? "It pretty plainly proves its own authority by the picture which it portrays of man"—vain, ostentatious, boastful man ; who, in the mists of nature's pride and self-importance, puts himself in a position to reason with his Maker, and has the temerity to put philosophical wisdom to "reply against God." Yes, we say, "the Bible is of Divine origin: unlike any other book under the canopy of heaven." We transcribe the following as expressive of the truths we would establish, from that beautiful Work entitled "Bards of the Bible !"—"The Bible is not to be taken as a Scientific Book : its intention is not to teach Geology, or Astronomy, any more than Meteorology or Conchology : its allusions to the subjects of Science are merely incidental,—brief,—*glancing* for a moment to a passing topic, and then

rapidly returning to its main and master theme. It is not a full, but fragmentary record of that part of man's history to which it confines itself : it is not a moral or metaphysical treatise ; and of logical analysis or deduction it has, (save in Paul's Epistles) little or none : the most religious, it is the least theological of books, so far as Theology means a conscious, compact, distinctly enounced, and elaborately defended system.

What then is the Bible? well then, it is a history, the narrative of a multitude of miraculous facts, which Scepticism has often challenged, but never could, or ever can, be able to disprove : embracing too the life of Jesus !—perfect, yet trembling with humanity ; really spent on earth under our Sun ; yet lighted up all along its every step, and suffering by an additional light above it :—a life which *must* be made the standard of all other lives ; which life was that of absolute perfection—at once God and Man ! The Bible is a repertory of Divine instincts, —a collection of the deepest instructions of Truth, Beauty, Justice, and Holiness ! it tells of the past, the present, and the future ; in all its parts, and adaptations, its cheering influences, and their close drawn connection with marvellous and unbroken facts, are substantially proved Divine in a sense altogether peculiar and alone ! in its close relation to Man the Bible stands thus : it is the authority upon which every wise man builds his belief :

it is, (or ought to be,) the manual of the leading rites and practices of his worship ; it constitutes the grand standard of his morality ; it is his fullest and most authentic mission from his Maker : it is his Torch into the unseen World—it is designed at once to command and to charm, to subdue and to sublimiate the mind of man :—to command his belief into holy obedience ; to charm his head and his imagination ; to subdue his moral nature, and to sublimiate all the springs of his hope and joy ; predestined to move about with his progress ; but to move, as did the fiery pillar with the armies of Israel, above and before him ; his guide, as well as his companion, directing his motions whilst attending his march ! The power of this Book over Man (need we say) has been obstinately and long resisted, but resisted in vain ! For ages has this artless, wondrous Volume been exposed to the fire of the keenest investigation : all other books, as well upon Divinity, Philosophy, and Science, have been by turn condemned, and their theories, in whole or in part, proved fallacious ; but “ There the Bible lies unsinged—unhurt ; not even the smell of fire has passed upon it ” after all ! Many a daring attempt has been made to disperse this “ Fiery Pillar ” of our desert wandering : but No ! night after night it rises, like one of the sure and ever-shining stars in the vanguard of the great march of Man—the precious Old Volume gliding slow,

but guiding safely on through this world on to a blissful immortality ! In relation to other books, the Bible occupies a peculiar and solitary position : it is independent of all others ; it imitates no other book, it copies none : Oh in the Scriptures, those great heights, you feel blowing around your temples and stirring your hair, the free, refreshing, original, life-giving breezes of the upper world ; unconventional, unmixed, and often irresistible as the very mountain tempest ! It is a Book unlike all other books, and it is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the Heart.

You perceive again the presence of a high and holy purpose pervading the Book, which is to trace and promulgate the existence of certain spiritual laws originally communicated by God, developed in the history of a peculiar people, proclaimed in a system of national religion, and ultimately sealed, cemented, and then spread abroad, through the Blood and the Gospel of One who, from the beginning had been promised, was expected, and at length in the fulness of time arrived—the Christ promised to the Fathers : it is this which makes, even what to some minds may appear trifles in parts of the Jewish Economy ; greatly interesting, and important too !

But once for all, the Bible answers the question of all questions, “ What shall I do to be saved ? ”—How shall I be holy and peaceful, and hopeful here,

and how shall I be happy hereafter, when this dying body, cold as clay, falls off from the Soul within? Say, what is man without a well-grounded hope of immortality? and with it, how majestic! Oh there are "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn" where this bright Lamp glows brightly in the Soul of man: witness God's Minister; my ever-blessed Husband in all his *mortal* agony; see his calm and majestic demeanour, and behold and wonder! hear his sweet tones of Christian tenderness, "Think not my God unkind because I suffer thus."—"I must partake of this baptismal cup of suffering!"

Essayist! pause, and contemplate the solemn hour when disease shall prostrate all your manly vigour; when your muscular powers must all fail, and your then feeble hand, that now can almost dare to "Pluck the Planets" from the Skies, will scarcely find sufficient strength to point to that blessed Book that you may bedew it with your tears! Oh, think again! Bend your knee and pour out your heart before God, ere that solemn sentence go forth, after which all is hopeless; all is lost: "Let him alone!" "Let him alone!" Oh, No! Oh No! it must not be; the spiritual enemy of Man must not gain so complete a victory, and make such cruel sport with your eternal interests; Come! break your fetters and be free! leave the mists and the fogs of the valley, and rise to heights from whence you may behold the glo-

rious inheritance purchased with a Redeemer's agony and Blood!—be no longer beguiled and caajoled by Satan in his robes of light! he is presenting you with his favourite opiate, a cup of adulation, that is congenial with the pride of man; we know it; but dash it from your lips, it is bituminous although it sparkle so!—Rise to the “Sunny” heights of *Faith*, and you will soon discover the terrific Precipice into which the Enemy of Souls had planned your destiny!—be not deluded by his suggestions that you are possessed of more calibre of intellect than other men, and have more insight into Theology than the bright “Cloud of Witnesses,” that have preceded, or are contemporary with you: from the beginning, he was essentially Falsehood and Deception, and in this instance pre-eminently so!

Truly great Spirits have ever loved and lived the Bible, and men of merely powerful mental capabilities, if there were any love of the poetic and sublime in their Soul, have never failed to take the Bible for their Model—for instance, see the best of all our “British Bards” and others too. Goëthe we know admired the Bible for its composition, had his Study hung around with Maps of its Geography—his mental battles he ever fought over again that he might become a mightier master of Spiritual Tactics: yet, after all, this was not like the *God-filled*, self-emptied, sin-denouncing,

Bards of Israel ! Could we venture to conceive Isaiah or Ezekiel entering the Chamber of Goëthe, at Weimar, and then uttering one of their divine and sin-withering rhapsodies—how mildly would he have smiled upon the fire-eyed stranger,—how attentively have listened to him, how calmly sought to measure and classify him, and then how cautiously would he have recorded in his journal this interview with a glorious and extraordinary human meteor, an astounding specimen of uncultured genius, and then perhaps have inferred his own superiority. The glorification of genius is so common at the present day, that it becomes incumbent on the critic, with peculiar sternness, to point to the impassible gulph of distinction between the fire of Genius, and that of heavenly origin, and to assert with uncompromising boldness and authority, that there is still a certain Inspiration,

“ Which comes and goes like dream,
And which none can ever trace ! ”

“The wind bloweth where it listeth,” a deep, mysterious something, which no degree of mental culture can ever, ever, give, and no absence of it can keep away. Oh, it is the tendency of the age we live in, (a low, and Infidel tendency)—to trace every phenomenon both of mind and matter downwards ; that is, through developments, and external *influences* ; instead of upwards, through internal and

incalculable powers : hence, Sophistry weaves her cobwebs finely spun with specious argument, and close behind we see her dim-eyed sister, Scepticism ; whose heel is touched by rash, and hardy Infidelity ; so rapidly progresses the dark stream of deadly waters, that soon it becomes a rushing torrent bearing in its mighty course immortal Spirits to that dread Ocean without a shore ! Eternity ! Oh, what a word ! and shall it be, that poor mortality shall sport themselves upon thy surface as gaily and inconsiderately, as the weak insect in the Summer sunbeams ? Oh, gracious Heaven forbid it ! arouse the drooping faculties of Man to a sense of his high destinies !

“The Officers who were sent to apprehend the blessed suffering Jesus, went away exclaiming, “Never Man spake like this Man ;” just so many who have approached the Bible with scorn and hatred, have been compelled to turn away and exclaim, “Never Book spake like this Book.” We have frequently seen how dangerous it is to tamper with the verdict of the universal human heart, and so the few such as Paine, and his compeers in unbelief, who insulted the Hebrew, or Greek Scriptures, have been justly consigned to unanimous disrepute ; in fact, the love that beats in the general bosom, is never so palpably disclosed, as when thousands who had hitherto appeared platonic and indifferent, declare with honest indignation that

"The man who disparages the Bible, or tampers with its sacred pages, insults as well as injures his race; they say in plain and truthful terms he tramples on a Book most beautiful and Divine, whilst Angels stoop desiring to look into it! he tramples on that Book, and in doing this he tramples too on us, and on himself;" the words of the living are feeble when placed in the balance with those of the dying; yet we say, let not the Believer's bosom bleed; the day is near, when He who last appeared in helpless Infancy, in Bethlehem's Manger, shall come again in clouds of flaming fire, taking (Oh, thought most awful for the Sceptic) taking vengeance on all who know not God, and who have "not obeyed the Gospel of His Son."

The following is a well-authenticated anecdote of the late Lord Byron, and published in a beautiful Work, by Professor Dick, entitled "The Philosophy of a Future State." His Lordship after all his erring fancies in the field of Literature;—for the last few weeks of his mortal existence, pursued with earnestness and avidity the study of the Sacred Volume, and after his death, which took place at Missolonghi, in Greece, a Bible was found under his pillow, with the following lines inscribed in his well-known hand :—

" Within this sacred Volume lies
The Mystery of mysteries !

Oh happiest he, of human race,
 To whom the Lord hath given grace
 To hear, to read, to watch, to pray,
 To lift the latch and force the way ;
 But better he had not been born
 Who reads to doubt, or reads to scorn !”

(*Missolonghi.*) BYRON.

How brief is human life : and yet eternity depends upon it—everlasting bliss or woe ! stupendous thought.

“ That solar shadow, as it measures life,
 It life resembles too ; life speeds away
 From point, to point, though seeming to stand still.
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth :
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen ;
 Yet soon man’s hour is up, and we are gone !”

DR. YOUNG.

The world is being inundated with books ; some of which are awfully perilous, abounding with every species of seductive literature, from the most dazzling talent and high “ French-polish ” down to the revolting coarse productions of the low plebian : well, then, we borrow from the pages of a modern writer, a truthful line to convey our ideas more suitably than my humble pen has now the capability of doing,—“ This world, we know, is to the Christian anything but the Elysium of his joy ; it is the field of his conflict :

yes, his battle-field: he must fight, not fly—the recluse flees like a coward from the scene of action—he flees: not so the Christian; he fears not to meet the embattled host; he defies a world in arms in Jesu's strength: true, he is often wounded, sometimes repulsed, and oftener still betrayed;” but still he battles on, nor cares he about Party Banner so much; if but his Captain's colours there are well defined! his heart is in Christ's keeping, and He, whom to know “Is Life Eternal,” fills the Christian Warrior's Soul with such a sense of heavenly protection, and such high hopes of the future, that he loves, not dreads, the warfare; he mixes with his fellow mortals to do them good in body, and in soul, and he can say with the poet,

“The hour

When in her second and best nativity,

My soul was born again through grace, this heart
Died to the world!”—SOUTHEY.

But say, who can sit down and peruse without a pang, and without forming a holy resolve to oppose by every method within their power, the terrible tide of error that is now flowing in upon us? it is true, alas! that men of genius are but too often the first to launch a boat and sail away upon the ocean of incongruity and error; and the reason of this is obvious; they are good marks for the *Enemy of Souls*, who sees and knows full well how

they plume themselves upon their parts, and how much easier it is to take captive men like these ; than those truly great but cautious Spirits, who know and feel that they are finite beings, formed to worship and obey a Power far, far beyond the limits of their comprehension, but who they sufficiently know to love, and to adore !

Let us close any book with trembling that would repudiate the doctrine of the personality of the "Holy Spirit : " when we see persons hold, that the carnal mind of man is to renew itself, we shudder, (not for ourselves,) but for others, lest they should be led to believe the delusion, and ultimately pay the cost !

Ah we can see around us daily, the follies of other Christians being pointed at, but are we awake to our own ? there is a continuous echo of the errors of the Papists (as well indeed there may be), we smile at their earnest zeal for their Pater-nosters, and Ave-Marias, and Cremos, but shall our own vineyard be disregarded ? what is going on in our own Sanctuary ? Error, like Vice, is rapidly progressing, the shoals of evil deepen with a terrific speed, and Oh the pit of destruction ever stands yawning for fresh victims : we shrink from that stoical apathy that can breathe with listless unconcern the sentiment, "Let every body think as they please about reason and religion ; if they are wrong, it is not our fault." Oh let

us each make a generous effort, and expostulate with error, and entreat its victims to embrace the Scriptures heart and hand, and participate with us in the blessedness that a living Faith imparts! Can we feel ourselves securely fixed on the Rock of Ages, and see our fellow-creatures made the sport of the waves, and in danger every moment of being engulfed, and yet refuse our assistance?—shall we be passive witnesses of their danger and not attempt their rescue? No: no! and the more feeble the hand that offers them aid, the more fervent be the prayer that it may succeed: we know we are weak, but God's power and His love are alike illimitable; we also know that His usual method of imparting spiritual blessings to His creatures is in the use of means, (both for Jew and Gentile); it is whilst we are working, or praying, or hearing, or reading His Written Word, that we are generally blessed: how often too, whilst commemorating the Saviour's dying Love at the Holy Communion has a holy light beamed in upon the spirit and touched the callous heart for the first time! yet we do not rest on means, and so mistake one thing for another—grasp the shadow and lose the substance: No: no! “God forbid!” but this we maintain, that for persons to expect spiritual blessings whilst they use no means, and take no pains to obtain them in God's own appointed way, is nothing more or less than palpable *fanaticism*: now what should we say of this? (by

way of illustration :) we assume that we are standing upon yonder pier, and there we see a fine stately vessel that has been lying at anchor for many, many months, and nobody seems to know the reason why : at length curiosity, mingled with feelings of christian philanthropy, induces an experienced veteran naval officer to go on board and propose an interview with the commander ; well, he succeeds in obtaining one, and to his astonishment finds that to all external appearance he is the very person to have sailed "Round the World," but it was in appearance only ; for this "Ci-devant" captain had conceived some strange notions, and the vessel and crew were awaiting the results, in impatience and disorder : was it because there was neither wind nor tide to help him out to Sea ? or was the Ocean too rough for a prudent commander to "weigh anchor ?" well, neither of these, but just because he was presumptuous enough to expect that if it were the will of Heaven his vessel should leave that harbour, it would be borne along irresistibly whether he hoisted his sails for the wind to fill them or not, or whether there were hands on board to work the steam-power or not ! absurd as this little sketch of a fanatical Sea-captain may appear to our minds at first sight ; yet it is not more "strange than true," that it applies to all persons who expect God's gifts and graces, and yet use no means, and take no pains, to obtain them ! Oh we

must work, either by tongue, or hand, or pen, if we would prove our fidelity and love for Him who has so loved us, and if we would share at the last in His happy 'Harvest Home!'—

"Tongue and Pen our only weapons! love for
Truth must aim the dart;
From the Bible-Bow outspringing; it must wound
the Sceptic's heart;
As Philistia's vaunted Champion, fell before a strip-
ling's might;
Woman! speed away thine Arrows, for the cause
of Truth and Right!"—GEMS.

We speak the truth in love to the never-dying souls of our fellow creatures, in deep humility and sincerity of holy purpose.

The subject of these memoirs never lost an opportunity of doing or saying something for the glory of God and the good of Souls. We see that a converted heart is God's consummate moral mechanism, restored and re-arranged by the power of His grace. Left to prayerless inactivity, the Soul would soon be overspread with rust: the affections would lose their lustre. Faith would grow dim. Zeal for serving God and saving souls would slowly decay: covetousness would consume the very life of devotion: courage would give place to cowardice; indolence would enervate; selfishness reign supreme; the silent tongue, the unlifted hand, the

unloving heart ! On the other hand, that same man converted, if violently *hindered* in his free and holy activity, would feel—as Paul, and John, and Peter felt—wronged and persecuted : his whole spiritual power would rise up against and resent such opposition : for he would be no more at rest in forced inaction, than he would be in voluntary indolence : neither one of them is his normal state as a healthful, happy child of God : there is no rest for him but in the full, steady flow of blessed activity in some shape or other.

The Bible abounds in paradoxical descriptions of the Christian. He is strong when he is weak : he is most rich when he is “poor in spirit :” he is loftiest when lying lowest in the dust : so he is only at rest when he is busy in God’s service : this rest has been very happily styled the *rest of equilibrium* : for a redeemed soul’s powers are at their right balance, and find their normal condition realized, only when *in action*. Such a man can only reach a perfect serenity of spirit when in the full sail of godly activity in some way ; “just as the swallow on the wing, while cleaving the air like an arrow, yet seems at rest, so gracefully poised is it on its outspread pinions ! Blessed be the man who has found his work, and has surrendered himself to it ! If he have toiled so long in any one line of labour that his physical powers fail him, then, like Peter, let him “girt his fisher’s coat about

him," and go back to his Master for fresh orders. That Master will tell him where to cast his net; and as he draws in the glittering spoil upon the strand, he is ready to cry out, "Lord! thou knowest that I love Thee—and love Thy work!"

When Christ promises to the believer a rest on earth as well as an enduring rest in heaven, he means something even more than relief from the galling burdens of sin: He promises the repose of blessed activity, in contrast with the repose of selfish indolence: in other words, the proper state of a healthy Christian is *resting* from the power of sin, and resting in the happiness of holy activity!

We could hardly say of the waters of the Dismal Swamp that they are at rest; for their's is any thing else than the normal condition of that crystal element as it came from the Creator's hand—their malaria and death are but a vivid emblem of a selfish soul in the stagnation of a godless existence; but see yonder heathful brook, gurgling o'er the shining gravel, and sliding in and out over the sandy shallows,—is not such a happy stream at rest? Stop it for a moment by throwing some obstruction across its flow, and it is at once *in un-rest*, foaming, and boiling against the unwelcome hindrance! that stream is only at rest when running its heaven-appointed course: such is a Christian's rest—the rest of a willing, joyful obedience, the grateful heart ever propelling the active

brain, and the busy hand (if not in one shape, in another), flowing along joyfully, making its own silvery music as it dashes over the shining pebbles.

One evening, (when in the Train,) we fell into conversation with a polished and gentlemanly "Free Thinker," who spoke very volubly for some time upon polite literature, and afterwards displayed no small amount of ingenuity in bringing about his attack upon the Citadel of our Faith; dexterously throwing down the gauntlet of what he considered irrefragable argument, but after a succession of signal defeats, he became quite infuriated, and then made a sort of desperate sortie upon the Bible itself; his only refuge was in Unbelief, his only alternative Desperation. He little thought how soon that "Sword of the Spirit" which my dear Husband so ably used, by God's guidance and blessing, would be wielded by his own hand in the same holy warfare!

After a course of solemn correspondence he, (a few months afterwards,) became a preacher of that Faith which once he destroyed! Oh! the wisdom and the goodness of God!" thus to honour the humble efforts of his creature man! Yes! and whilst we are pleading Christ's cause upon earth, the Great Intercessor is pledged to represent our interests at the Throne of Jehovah; (the great "I-Am" of ancient Israel!) This Sceptic was much struck with the account my dear Husband

gave him of that great Astronomer, Sir Isaac Newton, who used to express himself with regard to the Triune Deity, thus "I know not which exceeds in grandeur, the Bible account of the three divine Persons in one all glorious God-head, (or form of Divine government,) all blending and harmonizing their light, and their offices, in one majestic blaze of Heavenly brilliancy ; or the order of the celestial bodies over my head ; but in speaking thus, I speak as an Astronomer, whilst as a Christian, I bend my heart and knee before that "Glory that excelleth !" (Truly, here we may exclaim, "Excelsior !") It is a well authenticated fact, that the great philosopher never was known to mention the name of God without a solemn pause ! and here the writer must take leave to carry out her dear Husband's earnestly expressed wish, that his views may be recorded, with regard to the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity ; but as her pen is now clothed in crape, and the tear-blot occasionally defaces her pages, a few lines only must suffice : the subject demands much ; but he in whose hands the Trumpet would have given "no uncertain sound" is now radiant in glory ! and therefore we must "not darken counsel with words without knowledge !"

We gather all the leading Truths of Christianity clearly from the Bible ; (if in a child-like spirit of humility we are willing to be led by the Spirit of Wisdom :) we there see what (with great propriety

of language) we Term the Trinity plainly set forth : we find one passage reflecting light upon another in so lucid and satisfactory a manner, that it is no wonder to our minds the enemies of vital Christianity attack the Bible ; it is just as if the disaffected in a large city were to try to get possession of the arsenal of the protective treasures, and also the hearts of the Military, and then proceed to take any further measures that a distorted judgment may dictate. The word Trinity, (about which so many cavillers complain) is a very comprehensive and appropriate word to convey our ideas one to another of the Object of our spiritual love and worship—we say, nothing can be more suitable to our apprehension of the Godhead, (that is,) the Three Divine Persons in One glorious and co-equal Godhead : namely The Great I AM, who was the JEHOVAH of the Jews, and whom we (under the Gospel dispensation,) call FATHER ; JESUS, JEHOVAH (who is the Divine Redeemer,) and that Eternal Being who is in the Scriptures designated the HOLY SPIRIT ! each one performing His office in the stupendous scheme of Man's salvation, yet with such consummate harmony and unclouded blending of their Glorious Attributes, that they are one Godhead or form of Divine Government !

In numberless instances, which space precludes the possibility of recording, success crowned the evangelistic efforts of my dear Husband to save

souls. Oh! he was an unostentatious, yet valiant and intrepid soldier of Jesus Christ—if there were more of his noble bearing, the cause of error would have to quail, and truth would speed away on the white Gospel horse over mountain and valley, until few would be found who had not “ clasped the Bible to their bosom ! ”—He was truly a great Spirit, and like other truly great Spirits, he was gifted with that heavenly grace of Humility !

Sir Isaac Newton, with all his gigantic powers, had the mind of a little child for humility ; his tremendous attainments in astronomical research, and Science reduced him to the position of the infant, when in the presence of the Eternal !

How engaging and estimable is the spirit of sweet humility in the heart of one, whose mind resembles a highly cultivated flower garden ! whose researches in the choicest gems of Christian literature are constantly throwing around them a holy and heavenly perfume ; “ whose ways are ways of pleasantness, whose paths are paths of peace.” but the “ Belles Lettres ” will never yield the lovely and perennial plant of humility ! it is an exotic of heavenly origin and growth, and must be watered as well as planted by the Divine Hand ! It is not indigenous to earth ; No, No ! the human heart is, by nature, far too wild for the spontaneous production of so sweet a treasure : but yonder we perceive that terribly destructive entwining weed

which men now designate "Pride of intellect," or Rationalism, rambling over your glowing "Heart's-ease," and ruthlessly threatening to annihilate by its virus, those transcendently beautiful flowers, the lovely "Valley Lily" and Heaven's regal Rose, that "chief among ten thousand," that lovely "Rose of Sharon!" which Angels ever wear in their bright bosoms! Oh for a spirit and a pen to write the worth of these sweet plants of Paradise! that baneful weed that "Pride of Intellect," is threatening their destruction; but the keen eye of love and watchfulness, and the intervention of the skilful gardener's hand we now see coming to the rescue; they tear away the weedy spoiler, and avert the dreadful evil! yet still the roots are in the ground, the enemy is in ambush!

Oh gardener! keep a watchful eye! thus it is in matters of Religions too, for there are those holding high and solemn office, who would have us substitute our reasoning faculties for that glorious principle of holy Faith, which alone can sustain the Soul in Storm, and Tempest, Sun and Shade. An earnest writer of the present day well observes, "There is no class of men to whom we look with such intense anxiety these "Perilous times" as to Tutors of Colleges: we feel that the eternal interests of the young are at stake in their early training: well then, if the College be the mould in which the Man and the Preacher are cast, the Tu-

tor is the Man that shapes the Mould and pours into it the Metal ; and if it be a momentous thing for a Pastor to have the charge of a single Church ; then what must it be for a Tutor to be responsible for the training of numbers of future Ministers ?—how solemn, how awful the trust !”

All earnestness has a tinge of enthusiasm about it, and as no man can kindle enthusiasm in the soul of another, who has none of this mental fire in himself, our Tutors should have some fire, though with judgment enough to keep it in its proper place, and to do its proper work ; let their “breasts bear hearts electric charged with fire from Heaven !” and however anxious they may be for classical, scientific, and philosophical studies, let them concentrate their energies, their aims, and their hopes, in the formation of the dignified christian character, the Believer in Divine Revelation ! For the gratification of those enlightened and sanctified spirits who ever delight in seeing the cause of Truth ably defended, and a signal victory achieved over sophistry and error, we recommend a prayerful perusal of Tresidder’s Series of “The World at School ;” it is a masterly reply to “The Education of the World.” The developing theory laid down in that well-known volume of “Essays and Reviews,” commences with finding the World in a state of Infancy and progressing into Childhood, Youth, Manhood, and so on ; which is thus laid down : “We may

expect to find, in the history of man, each successive age incorporating into itself the substance of the preceding : this power, whereby the present ; ever gathers into itself the results of the past ; transforms the human race into a colossal man, whose life reaches from the creation to the day of judgment : the successive generations of men are days in this man's life : the discoveries and inventions which characterize the different epochs of the world's history are his works : the creeds and doctrines, the opinions and principles of the successive ages, are his thoughts : the state of society at different times are his manners : he grows in knowledge, in self-control, in visible size, just as we do : and his education is, in the same way, and for the same reason, precisely similar to ours." (p. 3.)

So then, says our Author (who ably refutes the whole theory), " For thousands of years the whole world was a child, and a child at school say our new philosophers : but did they ever reflect what that child did ? It invented letters, and devised all the varied forms of written composition : it wrote History in Thucydides, and poetry in Homer, not to mention Herodotus and Hesiod, and many more. In Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides, it produced dramatic works which are still the delight and wonder of our own times : it dived into the mysteries of all philosophy in Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle ; and

the school exercises produced under their names are the ground-work of nearly all that modern sages can say! This wonderful child delivered, in the names of Demosthenes, Æschines, and others, such marvellous orations, that they are considered models for eloquence, and are studied as such even now: it invented a multitude of wonderful laws in the person of Solon, and Numa, and others—laws for its own government, but which, of course, ‘it could not understand!’ It framed the masterly systems of mythology, which personified all the operations and forces of the universe. It devised systems of cosmogony, of astronomy, &c., which, to say the least, were very ingenious; it formed men into tribes and nations, consolidated them into states and empires, and instituted officers and measures for the well-being and security of millions at a time: it formed and disciplined mighty armies, whose generals displayed an acquaintance with military movements which merit and win even modern admiration: it built the ships of Tarshish, and created the commerce of Tyre, Sidon, and Carthage: it discovered far distant countries, and found out the uses and value of gems, and metals, and medicines: there was scarcely an art which it did not invent and practice; scarcely a Science which it did not originate: it built the pyramids of Egypt, the temples of Persepolis and Shushan, and the city of Babylon itself. Well may one

speak of such a child growing into a colossal man : surely it was itself a colossus ! Its works were wonderful ; and he who explores the ruins of Nineveh, the ruins of Egypt, or the ruins of any old country under the sun, will see enough to prove this. We cannot read any branch of literature, nor follow any walk of art and science, without coming upon its traces. The wisest of our time are those who have the best acquaintance with this infant, and its words and deeds ! The best of our time are those who imitate the noblest features of its character, and who obey most implicitly its laws. The greatest men of our time have no ambition to be more eminent as poets than Homer ; as historians than Thucydides ; as dramatists than Sophocles ; as generals than Alexander ; as moralists than Pythagoras ; as orators than Demosthenes ; as legislators than Lycurgus ; as sculptors than Phidias. Tell a man that he is a Solomon for wisdom, a Job for patience, a Daniel for conscientiousness, and you award him the highest praise. Tell a man who wishes to excel in almost any department of human knowledge, to study the Ancients, and you give him the best lesson. Tell a man who would understand the laws of language (and its principles,) to study, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Sanscrit. In other words, let him go to the prattle of the infant world, and you send him the best way to his object ! Why, the ethics of Aristotle, and

the dialogues of Plato, like the poems of Greece, and the mathematics of Euclid, are all of paramount importance in every modern university; and the principles of architecture—nay, its very details, to say nothing of statues in bronze and marble—are all best understood by the study of ancient models.”

The whole of this invaluable pamphlet is in keeping with the breadth of knowledge exhibited in that extract, proving, (as was remarked, a short time since,) that the Essayist had no conception of the great strength, moral and intellectual, which this country contains on the side of inspired Truth! But it is when he comes to the religious growth of the “colossal man,” that the writer of “The World at School” puts forth his sanctified power with the most admirable effect. They who reject this Refutation Series do themselves a great injustice.*

We appear all to comprehend the meaning, and all hold in high appreciation, that well known motto, “Dieu et mon droit!” and if any be found bold enough to infringe upon our rights, we lose no time in seeking to redress our wrongs, and the strong arm of England’s “law” quickly teaches the aggressor a stern lesson! Well, then, if worldly considerations impel us to stand up in defence of our rights, of how much greater moment is the

*See *Christian World Paper*.

security of our spiritual and eternal interests; what shall we say to *Spiritual spoliators*? Now then this feeble pen of mine shall have made a faithful, (and in all human probability,) a final effort to testify to the blessedness of a firm hold on the truths displayed in that "Book of Books," the Bible; the solemn office was awarded to it by one when nearing the threshold of Heaven, but what would he have thought and felt of the assault recently made upon its inspired pages? Oh he was spared that pang and taken home ere the Thunder-cloud burst upon us! Bible truths were so intimately interwoven with the happy experience, both living and dying, of my dear Husband, that mention of the Essays and Reviews must not be considered as irrelevant to the subject of his Memoirs. Oh, No; Oh, No; for to what did my blessed Husband owe his happiness, living and dying, but to a firm hold upon the Bible!

Now is the time to stand fully equipped in all the stalwart Christian soldier's armour, to the very life! instead of systematically taking it all off, breast-plate, helmet, shield, and sword; all first neglected and suffered to grow dull, and dim, and then despised, and rejected, as being unworthy any longer of the Christian soldier's regard or concern! "What meanest thou, O sleeper?" the storm is approaching, and may be very near, already great drops are falling around; come, come, it is "high time to awake out of sleep:" trifle no longer with things eternal;

—you may as well say, you will slumber upon Vesuvius whilst it rocks you with violent action, and pours its liquid fire around you, as fancy yourself secure without an interest in Christ and the Holy Spirit's work upon your Soul, ministering and feeding you with "Daily Bread" from Heaven !

Intellectual elevation without moral grandeur (or, we should rather say, without real Piety,) is no more appreciable, and just as disappointing, as a handsome and elaborately wrought lamp would be, for the use of your library table, but which is utterly destitute of the main point, namely, a receptacle for the oil : alas ! when night comes on, and you apply for the aid of your professed friend, you apply in vain—all is dark and dreary ; and you turn away with disappointed revolting feelings at such an unwarrantable failure !

Many must pardon me for insisting upon, and re-echoing, the sentiments so uniformly preached by my dear Husband, and in which my own heart and soul were ever inviolably interwoven, and let us bear in mind that line of Truth, "Faithful are the wounds of a Friend !" "Judaizing Ministers," doubtless, do more towards keeping the foot from a firm stand upon the "New Testament Platform" than they have the faintest idea of ; they have conceived such moonlight views of Gospel Truth that it is no wonder if they sometimes amalgamate one notion with another, until it all

appears a labyrinthian perplexity, and men exclaim that we must have something that will commend itself a little more to our Reason ! Let not this remark appear harsh or dogmatical, we mean by it to establish the fact, that the "New Testament" is the broad blaze of noonday light, and its lucid doctrines commend it to our Reason as well as to our Faith ; but when we suppose we can explain and give a human solution for everything contained in it, we fail—we are out beyond our depth, and we shall be wise if we speedily return to land again and giving our hand into that of Faith, fall low before the Triune Deity !

Oh Essayist ! ere my feeble pen bid you (it may be) a lasting adieu ; bear with me for one moment, "you must shortly die : "—is the Death-chamber the "Vestibule of Heaven" to him whose energies have been subverted, whose intellectual powers have been mis-spent, instead of being healthy and consecrated to the service of God and the good of never-dying Souls ! Will you ? can you be so cruel to your own immortal Spirit as to act thus ? Oh when you let fly that "arrow from your bow" you cruelly pierced the already wounded Widow's bosom, (the writer of these memoirs) but not for herself alone was that aggression deplored : No ! for by God's mercy, that blessed Book has been her solace and her joy for many a bright and sunny year, and will be her steady guide to glory ! but there were some

who had but feebly grasped the Bible, for a time they felt a shock electric ; but, mark me, Essayist ! it is beyond the power of man to arrest effectually the work of Omnipotence : in the day of God's power, every thing human must surrender and succumb—" Thus saith the Lord ! " will echo through creation, when the lips of poor erring, mortal man, lie intermingled with the cold clods of the valley ; but thy Spirit, Essayist ! " How thinkest thou of that immortal Spirit of thine ? " to lie down at last on a sick and dying bed in sorrow, and have no light save " sparks of thine own kindling ! " Oh bitter—bitter prospect ! wintry and waste, and desolate and chill ! O give such false and cruelly perfidious notions to the winds ! embrace an evangelical Creed, and be evangelistic in your life, so shall you be happy as God's own love can make you, living, dying, and for ever ! but if you deny Him now,—Oh then what a tremendous extremity your immortal Spirit would be in—you would cry, but there would be none to answer :—No : for after all ; you will find the " Word of God " is true ; and as surely as He will keep His " Great and precious Promises," so also will He execute His Judgments.—You would " cry, but there would be none to answer ! "—No : for He has declared, that when your calamity shall come, He will mock—" He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh ! "—Oh seek some retired place and bare your bosom before Him : remember

we are all "nearing" the "Spirit-World!" Who is prepared for it? The question is not one of philosophical research, or intellectuality (in any measure or degree); but who is a genuine Believer in Biblical Truth, and who loves the Redeemer? Yes: we are all nearing the "Spirit-World," but without multiplying words upon so solemn a subject, we must say in common "parlance," we shall then be either Lost or Saved! No more vain-philosophy then! No: No:—Time will have merged into Eternity!—

"This hour plead for pardon and light from above,
It will soon all be Judgment,—no Sceptre of love:
They who die out of Christ to perdition are driv'n,
None but justified Souls are admitted to Heav'n.—

MILMAN.

Another word with you:—

Oh you have lost your anchor! the bright and blessed shining of God's own inspiring and inspired Word; you have been led wrong by the fanciful lamps of artificial light, possibly almost unconscious of the first foot-fall out of the heaven-ward path: yet, mark me, matters assume a different aspect now; you are not unconscious, now, you have been remonstrated with by able pens, and heads well stored in all the circle of the Arts and Sciences, and with hearts attuned to heavenly Themes also! Why not be actuated by an holy ambition that your names,

like those of Howard and Wilberforce, and other patent benefactors of mankind, should be recorded upon the solemn Tablets of Time in letters of burnished Gold! letters of Gold! dimmed only by the tear-blot of a grateful, glowing love for all the righteous labours you had wrought! The Bible *is* an inspired Book: it sparkles with inspiration: say not the advocates for its inspiration are all persons of a warm fancy and glowing imagination: that they have not a solid judgment, and a cool and well disciplined logical mind: that they are creatures of impulse, not of mental, and philosophical, moral grandeur: that they know nothing of the immensity of research that is requisite to comprehend the Bible: the years of learned toil, the midnight lamp, the pallid cheek, the wasted form, and the half-living and half-dying existence of the Philosopher! Believe me, Essayist, we know it all, and pity your infirmities: but this we say, we are the true Philosophers after all; for we never assume more than we really can establish as truth, and we affect not a mental power beyond our capability—our strength is vested in an Arm Omnipotent, our wisdom is imparted from the highest Heaven, our mind and our heart is under a Divine jurisdiction and control, and that great unseen but *felt* Power that regenerates the human Soul, so far from annihilating our reasoning faculties, or permitting our feelings to govern us, takes *the whole* in hand, and supplies a pure and peren-

nial spring of governing and directing influence, so that a man is a new creature : quickened into new life by the Divine Touch from on high, he is directed by a new principle which developes itself into healthy action, and his whole being is raised to a pinnacle of moral grandeur and beauty unknown to himself before ! but beware, we implore you, how you deny the touch of the “ Holy Spirit ” in any measure or degree ; call not that fanaticism which is the light of a spiritual Sunbeam upon the Soul of Man ! We may pride ourselves how we will upon our calm and cool reasoning faculties, but we are creatures that must shortly die ! our faculties may forsake us long before our mortal body drops from its inhabitant ; but what or where will be our everlasting Home ?—to what, or to whom, had we previously sought for Absolution, and for a justifying Faith ?

The New Testament would furnish you with splendid argumentative and demonstrative truth to the doctrines and facts set forth by the Prophets of the Old, and there in the New Testament we have the glorious doctrine of the Triune Deity clearly set forth : the three distinct Persons ; and their respective yet harmonizing attributes displayed : so beautifully illustrated by my dear Husband by the blending of light (as before named), and also by that symbol of the three Divine Persons which we have in the equilateral Triangle ! but what if language is inadequate for man, to convey to man,

correct notions upon this grand and important subject—the Word of God is clear as noonday, and any intelligent child taught by that Word (and beamed upon from above,) would be able to confront and confound the mere Logician and Philosopher ! he believes and feels that he worships Jehovah as his Father, Jesus Christ as his Redeemer, and the Holy Spirit as his Guide, and Teacher, and Sanctifier ! Oh then we must “receive the Kingdom of Heaven as little children !” So said the Redeemer, and “Such as are gentle, them shall He teach in His way !” There may be,—alas ! we must acknowledge it, the Trinity is too much mystified,—there is, too great a fondness for mystification in some Sections of Christ’s Church. The great Mystery of Godliness, Paul declares to be, the “height and depth, and length, and breadth, of that Love” that to rescue the ruined race of man could induce the Son to leave the Father’s bosom, and the Father so to love rebellious man as to accept the terms proposed by Jesus—“Lo I come to do Thy will, O God,” and at such a cost !—such a cost ! to baptize this earth of our’s with His tears and with His blood !—“Seen of Angels, believed on in the world, and received up into glory !”—Here is the “Mystery of Godliness !” Yes ! and the very angels were passed by that all this stupendous display of overpowering Love should exalt Man to a blissful Immortality ! Truly this may well be defined as the great

Mystery of Godliness ! With all your faculties of body and mind, be persuaded to read prayerfully the Word of God : take it apart from man in every sense ; and you will soon perceive how beautifully one doctrine accords with another, and how light is reflected by one passage upon another, and then, like many others who have begun this work critically, you will end it exultingly, and begin to plead in earnest for the Inspiration of that Heaven-born Book ! many will then “ arise to call you blessed ” ; and when you are summoned away (as you shortly must be) from “ Earth’s inglorious strife,” you will be regretted, and your names will be registered in the same bright list with that of Italy’s faithful and beloved CAVOUR !

Oh place that foot of thine on yonder narrow path again : what if it sometimes bleed from unexpected pressure of the crowd, or thong, or stone ; think of One who wore for thee the piercing wreath until the crimson stream flowed from His tender temples—think of that garden watered by a Redeemer’s bloody agony ! Oh Essayist ! this is a truthful Tragedy ! the life of thy Spirit is wrapt up in its solemn folds—its holy mystery ! Go into thy closet, and on thy knees offer up these lines of one who is now radiant in Immortality !—

“ When thro’ the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When on the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Refuge, ‘ Lord, save, or we perish !’

" Oh Jesus ! once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the cries of distress from thy pillow ;
Now seated in Glory, the mariner cherish,
When we cry in our anguish ' Save, Lord, or we perish.' "

" And Oh, when the whirlwind of darkness is raging,
When blind unbelief a wild warfare is waging,
Breathe on us Thy Spirit our bosoms to cherish ;
Rebuke the destroyer ! ' Lord, save, or we perish.' "—

BISHOP HEBER.

How frequently great results arise from small and apparently unimportant sources : for instance, a vessel of 180 tons is but a minute affair upon the bosom of the great Atlantic—a little speck upon the Ocean : had you observed her being tossed about like a mere feather upon the blustering billows, nearing the rock-bound coast of Old England, you would not have judged that she was laden with 100 human beings, with hundreds of Bibles, and many Ministers : but now, how stands the Bible?—The British and Foreign Bible Society issue nearly a Million-and-a-Half of Bibles annually ! then look at America, and the whole beautiful cluster of Sister Bible Institutions throughout the whole world, which are so many " Trees of Life," bearing the bright and golden fruits of IMMORTALITY among all the nations of the earth ! Oh thrice blessed Book ! welcome to every intelligent mind : welcome, thrice welcome, to every human heart—dearer now than ever : dearer than ever ! (for thou hast suffered cruel

wrong) blessed, peerless treasure! Mountains have been despoiled of all their stores, Mines of their gold-dust and their diamonds, the depths of Ocean of rich pearly gems, and all Earth's treasures have in their turn, from time to time, refused to yield a supply equal to the demand made upon them; but who that loves the "Sacred Golden Diggings" will dare to say, that their labour and solicitude, were futile and fruitless, and that they were not enriched and rewarded beyond their most sanguine expectations!—

O precious Bible! bright thy glowing page;

We welcome thee, and "clasp thee to our breast;"
Safe Guide for joyous Youth; firm Staff for Age,
Dispel all unbelief and give us REST!

But thou hast suffered wrong! then dearer still!

The tendrils of our hearts shall twine thee round:
Reveal to erring Man his Maker's will;
Be death to nature's Pride: let Faith abound!

Are thy bright scenes of bliss so sweetly told,

That he must smile in scorn and turn aside?
Yet point him once again to streets of gold,
Nor fail to "counsel," though he should deride!

Shew him the Heart that purchased all with Love!

Shew him the glorified!—the robes they wear!
Shew him the "Church of the First-born above!"
And shew him JESUS who is worshipped there!

But (setting aside our poesy,) we would seriously

demand, when did human learning, unsanctified and unaided from above, ever lead a sinner to the Saviour ?

Essayist ! listen awhile to the truthful tale that awaits thy wrapt attention :—thine interests eternal (for aught we know) may be placed within its deep and solemn folds !—“The sable wing of midnight had darkened the City of the Prophets, and amidst her courts and terraced palaces, its massive shades reveal no form or outline, living or inanimate : but upon its sacred fanes glistens the sheen of the full-orbed Moon, and, twinkling upon its latticed windows, her rays seem mirrors of a thousand stars ; and as her calm, clear, full Tide of light spreads forth an almost noontide splendour on the Hills, which (like a girdle of love omnipotent) environs the Lord’s Jerusalem, the effulgence overspreads the broad and silent streets, and illuminates the pavilioned homes of Judah ! Silence above, around : the varied melodies of nature are hushed, and scarcely upon the attentive ear trembles the whisper of the night-breeze. The world lies slumbering, alike forgetful of the daylight’s din of business or the evening’s hum of pleasure. The attendants have long since been dismissed from yonder gorgeous state apartment, for the first shrill crow of the morning herald had announced that day would shortly dawn, when see that lonely wife, how restlessly she presses that silken pillow with her weary care-worn head ! there she

slumbers now, and upon those finely chiseled features rests the calmness of a spirit unvexed by the sterner cares and turmoils of life : most beautifully does she lie in her unconsciousness secure, a fit recipient for the ministration of Angels !

“But, lo ! the sleeper starts, and the quietude of repose is displaced by a disquietude unwonted and distressed : and mark the sudden pallor of that cheek, the ashen hue of those curved lips, the gathering damp upon that marbled forehead. Can this be death ? Arouse her now, ere she slumbers that sleep which knows no waking !

“It must not be. Death is not here : the delegated guardian of her life-journey is hovering near, and heavily has he laid his hand upon her brow, and those fringed curtains of light he has sealed with the touch of his finger : His is this night a mission of WARNING ; and as he breathes into her ear its thrilling tones, and unrolls before her mental vision the future’s panoramic scroll, her terror-stricken spirit recoils from the sight, and the material reveals the emotions of the immortal !

“She dreams. The Judgment Hall and its fearful scenes of malignant daring are revealed to her view. Pilate in his regalia of official pomp, sits stately upon the judgment-seat. The mitred priests, the pompous Pharisees, the lordly Scribes, like satellites surround him. Why gleam their eyes with rage so venomous ? Why those dark frowns which

lour beneath their crests of power? She looks, and lo! before them stands ONE upon whose Head are resting streams of light (viewless to the sin-bound eyes of these his enemies—his murderers). The beauty of that Form and Face excels all of earth's fairest Sons, and those glorious Eyes rest upon her with a gaze of blended majesty and love which thrills her with emotions unutterable. Behind him press the multitude; and sending a glance across the surging sea of faces, she quails in terror at the blackness, the malignity, and the fury there depicted. Their ferocious glances are directed towards that heavenly ONE, mute in the dignity of innocence. 'Like a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not his mouth.' And now upon her ear break forth their fiendish shouts, filling the air with their envenomed words: 'Away with him! away with him! crucify him!' Anxiously she seeks the face of that judge, her Pilate, her Husband, and her heart is throbbing with fear and anxiety for the fate of that 'oppressed and afflicted' ONE! Surely Pilate will release him! He, the judge, cannot condemn the innocent. She listens: in faint and cowardly tones the voice of her Husband addresses the infuriated rabble: 'Why, what evil hath he done? I find no cause of death in him. I will let him go.' But 'crucify him! crucify him!' again fills the air; and forthwith

that doomed ONE is sent forth to die, 'the just for the unjust!' The powers of darkness have conquered, and the Roman has signed a deed which Night itself blushes to own. Oh, how the dreamer trembles! for those meek eyes are upon her as the Victim goes forth bearing the Cross, and her woman's heart is rising in its tenderness and indignation; and see with what a nervous grasp she clasps those hands, then strikes upon her bosom! Lend her thy strength, Oh, Angel; for a sight even greater than this awaits her!"

"Nay! language fails! The rocks are rending! the foundations of the earth are quivering, the Vail of the Temple is disparted, and the dead forsake their resting place!

"The sleeper turns and writhes, and with a grasp and sigh, tries to escape the dreadful vision; but the Angel 'excels in strength,' and He wills that she range yet longer the prophetic paths! Around her quivering spirit he folds the shelter of his viewless wings, and bears her aloft through the fields of space. The gates of the Holy City, with everlasting pillars of gold, open before them, and the astonished dreamer of earth is bewildered by its countless glories. Her invisible guide touches her almost blinded vision, and she sees that "Company which no man can number,' surrounding 'the great white Throne;' and, lo, upon this Judgment-seat, before whom 'are gathered all nations,' sits a Being

who is glory itself, whose presence is the light in which they walk ! She gazes. It is He ! 'the Lamb that was slain,' the rejected of the Jewish Sanhedrim, the condemned before Pilate, the victim on Calvary ; not *now* 'the despised and rejected of men,' but the glorified, the honoured, the adored of all Heaven ! The book is called, and judgment proceeds : but alas ! for the wretched who have denied the Holy One of Israel. Oh they look around in vain now for a Refuge to hide themselves from the wrath of 'the once despised Nazarene ! 'But beings of an indescribable aspect seize upon them, and, amid the songs of Hallelujah, the harpings of the Angels, and alas ! the hissings and shouts of their captors, they are borne down ; down beneath the bastions of light ! Far off in the illimitable space roll columns of sable smoke ; beneath them a Sea of sulphureous fire, bearing on its waves writhing and wailing multitudes ; and from their midst, peers out one wretched embodiment of living flame into the impassable gulph between.' Oh we see a Scroll written within and without, full of mourning, lamentation, and woe ! and lost, lost ! for ever lost, in fiery characters ! It is enough (said the Angel), and so he breathed upon the faithful forehead of that fair sleeper's frame a renewal of her exhausted strength, He returned to Heaven from his mission of warning, and she, alas ! to the sad realities of Earth !

"'Tis morn upon Jerusalem. The Roman lady has risen from her couch, but an unwonted pallor rests upon her countenance ; her eyes are dilated and restless, her step is nerveless and slow : the very atmosphere is leaden to her fainting spirit, and she seeks a relief upon the open gallery of her mansion : leaning upon the balustrade, she hears the confused murmurs of the multitude below, and, summoning her attendants in haste, she inquires concerning the trial of the night and the absence of her husband. She is informed, 'The trial of Christ detains him.' 'And who is Christ, that I may know?' is her reply. 'He was the healer of the sick, the restorer of the blind and the lame, the reprover of the Scribes and Pharisees, the preacher of strange doctrines.' 'And why is *he* before Pilate?' 'We know not, but because that he, being a *man*, maketh himself *God*.'

"Ah! here is the mute victim of the ferocious crowd ; here is the ONE glorious upon the throne ; and the vision again passes in all its horror before her. She believes it a revelation from heaven, and her faith nerves her with more than the courage of Esther, and for the life of that doomed ONE she dares to plead, yea, to command. 'Go ye to Pilate, even upon the judgment seat, and say to him, '*Have thou nothing to do with that JUST man*, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.'"

"Was the mission of that angel in vain, or that vision of warning unheeded? When the great day of decision shall arrive, will not the plea of that Roman wife in behalf of the Son of Man be recorded in letters of living light, and is not her name, though unknown in the annals of time, written in 'the Lamb's book of life?'"

Ah me! was no sweet spirit near to breathe the word of solemn warning to the Modern Pilate's ear, "Have thou nothing to do with the condemnation of that blest Book!"

Oh Essayist, permit me again for a moment to plead with you in all earnestness and faithfulness of spirit: consider the cruelty of casting fresh "Stones of Stumbling,"—new "Rocks of Offence," in the way of our erring Jewish Brethren! They are just now beginning to feel an intense interest in the Prophetic Scriptures, united with a resolve to examine into New Testament History. Much has occurred during the last few years to propel the Jewish mind forward to embrace Gospel Truth, and much has been done by the wise and good for the enlightenment of Israel and their restoration to the Divine favour; as well indeed there may be; for consider how intimately interwoven our own spiritual interests are with theirs. But permit me to demand of you, what they are to understand by this erratic, wild "Ignis fatuus,"—Night-light of *Theology*, that arouses even the experienced and

well armed Christian to a double, nay, to a tenfold degree of caution and circumspection ; although, (upon a little reflection,) he remembers the pre-monition of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, that at a certain period of this world's history, intelligibly marked down upon the " Tables of Time " by the Finger of Inspiration, this self-same phosphoric light should distinctly develope itself : Bible Students are not so much taken by surprise as others ; we know well that we live in " perilous times," but to trifle with the spiritual interests of Israel is intensely cruel !—we reiterate the charge, it is intensely cruel : yet let us beware, we say that cannot be perpetrated with impunity ; No : they are still under peculiar surveillance : and although the imprecation " Let his blood be upon us and on our children " still weighs them down, and they cannot rest ; but wander on, " unable to dig," and ashamed to implore charity—a money-loving, money-changing, Christ-despising people ; yet, let us beware how we injure them by word or deed ; they are Israel still, and will soon be restored and loved again for the " Fathers' sakes," and in answer to the dying prayer of Jesus, " Forgive them, they know not what they do ! " but they are beginning to feel a thrilling interest in Biblical literature : more especially the Nestorian Jews ! they are now hailing the New Testament ! This ancient people occupy the border country between the Turkish and Persian empires :

they are the remnant of a noble race, and are computed now in that district at 150,000. They have a history of thrilling interest ; their doctrines, and Christian purity, and spirituality, compared with all other Oriental Churches ; their entire exemption from idolatry, and their exalted character, cannot fail to strike a reflective and contemplative mind that, like thousands more of the Jewish race, (who have so long been the objects of a peculiar Providence,) they are assuredly reserved for some signal display of Divine Pardon, and ultimate Glory ! An intelligent traveller, (the late Dr. Grant,) who recently visited among their mountain fastnesses, has made a positive claim for their Hebrew origin, and insisted that they are the remnant of the Ten Tribes, which Shalmaneser, King of Assyria, carried away captive into Assyria, 721 years before Christ : and Dr. Grant found here, in addition to their all bearing Hebrew names, numerous relics of Judaism, and the appointment of the High Priest, the Holy of Holies, &c., which is to be seen this day in this ancient Church !

Jerome (the most learned of the Latin fathers), very expressly and repeatedly states, that the Ten Tribes were to be found in that region, in the fifth century certain :—Oh see the special hand of God in preserving these Nestorians for the last twenty-five centuries ! is it not a matter of intense interest, to see how, for the last twelve centuries,

they have been surrounded on all sides by enemies, and yet have been preserved? A little flock hedged in by an Omnipotent Arm, and safely kept from ravening wolves! the emissaries of Rome on one hand, and the Moslem for neighbours on the other; yet none permitted to "hurt or destroy in all that holy mountain:" but to adopt the eloquent description given by Dr. Grant of their position, "Here is the home of one hundred thousand Christians, around whom the Arm of Omnipotence had reared bold adamantine ramparts: whose lofty snow-capped summits appeared to blend with the distant horizon. Here in their munition of rocks has Jesus Jehovah preserved (as if for some great and special object, in the economy of Divine Grace,) this chosen band, this peculiar little fold of His people; a favoured remnant of His ancient Church, as the bush burning yet still unconsumed!" By means of Dr. Grant and other Missionaries, the Nestorian Jews now possess the Bible, in the vernacular tongue: large numbers have been "searching the Scriptures" with intense zeal and earnest enquiry, and (adds Dr. Grant), if deep solemnity of thought and feeling—if prayers, and tears; if, on the other hand, calm and heavenly joy from a sense of peace with God, zeal for the cause of Christ, and solicitude for the Salvation of others be evidence of the work of the Holy Spirit upon the Soul of man—then it is mid-day with the Nestorians! Read without feeling

(if you can,) the well authenticated history of that rough, undisciplined mountaineer, who for so many years had been a terror to his own domestic circle—Guergis. He hears the New Testament read, and faithfully expounded; he hears the calm but heartfelt appeal to Christ, to manifest Himself to those who know him not: he sees the young, the bright, and the beautiful, giving themselves to Him whom their forefathers crucified—he listens, and then he wonders—he listens, and he storms! Man's deadly spiritual foe arouses him to madness—still he stays; he cannot leave that spot of earth. No—he is spell-bound by something, but he knows not what it is enthalls his spirit, and compels his stay, (Oh Guergis! the seal of God will soon be on thy brow!) Light increases! conviction presses on his mind that he is a lost sinner; still his heart rises in opposition; he struggles with his prejudices, and his feelings desperately—but Oh! ere long, the strong man bows his head, and weeps like any child! Yes, and Guergis is now a tender, happy, peaceful Christian, owns, and loves, and *lives* the Saviour!—Oh, for mercy sake, let us not teach them error, and help them to *trifle* in matters of eternal moment, causing them to wander farther from the fold, instead of leading them gently on, and bringing them to behold the true Messiah in the written Word! “Every leaf that stirs upon the mountains of Israel, every ripple upon the waters

of Judah," is surely fraught with deep import, and every truly enlightened and intelligent mind is expectant of transcendently glorious things being accomplished ere long, both for the Jew, and also for our entire race! but never let it be recorded by the Jewish nation, that just when they were about to embrace Christianity, and "clasp the Bible to their bosom," the Gentile teaching of theology drew a shade over its glory, and attempted to ignore its inspiration! Blessed Book! mountains have been despoiled of their treasures, mines of their gold and diamonds: the depths of ocean of their pearly gems, and all earthly treasures have in their turn refused a supply equal to the demand made upon them, but Oh! treasure of all earthly treasures, thrice blessed Bible! thy glittering mines of purest gold are inexhaustible ever—the pearl of untold price is still available to those who love the sacred "Diggings!" and see, my believing Sister, how calmly and majestically does it point in bright Apocalypse to that "sweet Home!" where no crystal tear shall ever dim the glistening eye of love!

" Pure love is indestructible,
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
 It soweth here in toil and care,
 The ' Harvest-Home ' of love is there!
 Oh when the Widow meets on high,
 The Model of all constancy ;

H

Hath she not then for all her fears ;
 The way-worn day ;—the watchful night ;
 For all her sorrows, sighs, and tears,
 An over-payment of delight !”

SOUTHEY.

But say when Science or Philosophy was so omnipotent as to subdue the obduracy of the natural heart, uproot its weedy evil propensities, and implant in their stead the beautiful and fragrant Flowers of Holiness and Peace? Never! Oh never! As well you may expect the ever-restless ocean to be tideless at your bidding; or forbid the ever-shifting sands on yonder beach to move when the billows dash fiercely over them; as to obtain a real conquest over your fallen nature without the aid of the Holy Spirit! “Where is the Scribe? (asks the greatest Logician that ever walked the world’s highway,) where is the Disputer of this world?” Oh sceptical Philosopher! God hath not chosen you to be the Steward of His holy Mysteries! nay! for a little child of four years old, if taught from Heaven, shall be able to confound you, and teach you true wisdom! and the reason is palpably obvious, “the things belonging to the Spirit must be spiritually discerned!” that is a weighty and solemn truth.

Turn not aside, with supercilious disregard, from the words of one who has witnessed, and wept over, *the death-bed* of the merely Rational professing

Christian, and one too who had said, "It shall be seen at the last how a man, with principles like mine, can die;" Ah those were words uttered in the sunshine of health, and amidst a circle of Rationals, who, like himself, had been beguiled into a false estimate of the human heart and mind!—he little thought then, how dimly the lamp of intellectuality would "light up" a dying chamber!—his cold and lifeless system of Head religion without a Heart, proved fatal in its final results: alas! all was cold and wintry, dark and desolate, and its victim was a spectacle for Angels to weep over (if such may be); but his days and hours were numbered: in vain did my dear Husband, by every sweet persuasive argument, entreat him even then, though at the eleventh hour, to embrace a living Saviour:—"Too late—too late," was all he uttered, and he departed looking horrors! not knowing where his Spirit would find a landing place: his end was very similar to another which we witnessed, of the same mistaken school! Oh the pride of intellect is so destructive to the best interests of the Soul, that so long as it remains, we can hardly dare to breathe that word Eternity: whilst resisting the proffered light of Inspiration we resemble persons who, in a state of feverish delirium, view everything through a distorted and perverse medium, calling "bitter sweet, and sweet bitter:" light darkness, and darkness light! all the while imagining them-

selves to be persons of peculiarly fine taste, and cool, correct judgment! the nearest way to take, however, to reach the Hygean Spring for restoring spiritual health, is to clasp that Bible to our Heart : then—

“ Where the Spirit, Christ revealing,
 Sets the fettered bosom free,
 Where He sheds His sacred healing
 There our blessed rest shall be ! ”

For the sake of never-dying Souls, let every feeling and enlightened Christian be ready, with the “ Life-Boat ” of the Bible, wherever and whenever he sees either an individual mariner, or a “ ship’s crew,” in danger : how many would thus be rescued from the terrible pitfall of unbelief, or error, and be made happy and blessed here and for ever !

God’s faithful Ambassador (the subject of these brief Memoirs,) was very eminently successful in this method of doing good for his fellow creatures ; and as memory presents to my view one incident after another, which, though apparently simple on the surface, yet produced happy and deeply important results, so my “ sling and stone ” may be commissioned to slay some gigantic boastful enemy to Inspiration—slay his errors and save his Soul ! therefore we cannot quit the field yet ; we must sound another retreat to the Rationalistic System

Well, then, the introduction of Greek literature into Europe did much (we know from the historic page,) to draw aside the veil of the dark ages: by this means, the social life, the ethics, the improvement of ancient Greece, were disinterred from the dust of ages, and transmitted, reanimated, and nourished on the soil of modern Europe; and what, in the history of Providence, should not be here overlooked, the Arabs, the determined foes of Christianity, were used as the instruments of preserving and transmitting that knowledge which, finally, became the source of regeneration to Europe: they were made to subserve the purposes of the truth, up to a certain point; when the privilege was transferred to worthier hands. At the period to which we refer it seemed altogether probable that learning and the arts, the power of knowledge, and the press, would be transmitted to future ages through the followers of Mahomet: yet it was through them that learning revived, and the inventions and discoveries which have so effectually wrought the destinies of the world, were divulged.

In less than a century after the Saracens first turned their hostile spears against their foreign enemies the Greeks (at the battle of Muta, in 630), their empire exceeded in extent the greatest monarchies of ancient times. The successors of the Prophet were the most powerful and absolute sovereigns on the earth: their Caliphs exercised

an unlimited and undefined prerogative, and reigned over numerous nations, from Gibraltar to the Chinese sea, two hundred days' journey from east to west : what is no less extraordinary, within about the same period, after the barbarous act of Omar, which consigned to the flames the splendid library of Alexandria (604), the world became indebted to the Saracens for literature and science—though it was nearly two centuries more before they attained to their Augustan age.

The court of the Caliph became the resort of poets, philosophers, and mathematicians, from every country, and from every creed ; literary relics of the conquered countries were brought to the foot of the throne—hundreds of camels were seen entering Bagdad, laden with volumes of Greek, Hebrew, and Persian literature, translated by the most skilful interpreters into the Arabic language. Masters, instructors, translators, commentators, formed the court at Bagdad. Schools, academies, and libraries were established in every considerable town, and colleges were munificently endowed : it was the glory of every city to collect treasures of literature and science throughout the Moslem dominions, whether in Asia, Africa, or Europe. Grammar, eloquence, and poetry were cultivated with great care ; so also were metaphysics, philosophy, political economy, geography, astronomy, and the nautical sciences. Botany and chemistry were pursued with

ardour and success. The Arabs particularly excelled in architecture ; the revenues of kingdoms were expended in public buildings and the fine arts ; painting, sculpture, and music, shared largely in their regards ; and in nothing did they more excel than in agriculture and metallurgy : they were the depositories of science in the dark ages, and the restorers of letters to Europe !

Had not this course of things been arrested—had not a revolution among the nations been accomplished which established the decree, that the Arabian should no longer rule in the empire of letters ; how different would have been the destiny of our race ! instead of the full-orbed day of the Sun of Righteousness, casting His benignant rays on our Seminaries of Learning and Religion, they must have grown up under the pale and sickly hues of the Crescent : the power of science and the arts, printing and paper-making, the mariner's compass, the spirit of foreign discovery, and the power of steam (all Arabian in their origin), would have been devoted to the propagation and establishment of Mohammedanism ! The press had been a monopoly of the Arabian imposture, and the Ganges and Euphrates, the Red Sea and the Caspian,—illuminated only by the light of Islam—would have been the channels through which the world's commerce would have flowed into Mohammedan Emporiums ! but No ! He who sitteth in the Heavens

had his own bright designs to fulfil ; all the mighty engines of Reformation and advancement were now at hand, to nerve the arm of Truth and Virtue, and enliven human existence with the doctrines of pure and holy Christianity on the enduring page of the Bible !

As the time for the world's emancipation, from the deep dungeons of spiritual ignorance, drew near, a marked impetus was given to the Soul of Man—a supernatural touch from the finger of that Great Spirit who acts, by His holy Agency, upon the Spirit of Man ! Learning became the handmaid of Devotion : the winter season of the human mind had passed away, and the “ Time of the singing of Birds had come ! ” long before Luther shook the foundations of Rome by his dauntless appeal to the “ Word of God,” there was an arousing of the dormant mind of Europe, and an earnest demand for Truth ! Fiction, romance, legends of saints, cloisters, and systems of formalities could no longer suffice : Schools of learning, and the minds of the first scholars in Christendom, were seized with an unwonted spirit of investigation : and not only were the Universities and chief Seminaries of learning affected by this movement, but the same spirit had crept into tribunals of justice, and halls of legislation ; it had looked into the windows of palaces, and seized on the minds of nobles and princes. Not *only* divines of the most profound erudition, but

philosophers and eminent scholars of noble blood, as Reuchlin and Ulrich de Hutten, employed all their learning and wit to free the church and the world from the bondage of ignorance and superstition.

Coeval and co-extensive with the spirit of inquiry, Providence created an unaccountable spirit for bold adventure, which equally presaged some notable revolution near ; the flames of a restless ambition burned ; there was an irrepressible desire for enterprise. The bold and adventurous spirit of Columbus, of the Cabots, of Amerigo Vespucci, of Charles V., Francis I., Henry VIII., Leo X., was widely diffused through Europe, Spain, Portugal, Genoa, France, and England ; each were struggling who should first whiten unknown Seas with their canvas, or reach farthest in the successful pursuit of discovery and conquest : dormant energies were aroused : discovery was the mania of the day : no wonder that an expectation (bordering on certainty,) was entertained, that some great change was at hand.

At the period of the great moral change, it is deeply interesting to note how the Almighty Ruler was (if we may be permitted the expression) politically shaping the world for the introduction of Christianity, under the purified, the renovated form of the Reformation : observe the singular distribution of political power ; and that this was all in the way

of a Special Providence, who can deny? Henry the VIII. on the throne of England, (we are not about analysing his good qualities, we are speaking of his power as a Potentate), Francis the I. on the throne of France, Charles V., Emperor of Germany and Spain, Pope Leo X. (the most potent and sagacious of the Popes) filled the chair of St. Peter, but God employed His agents and His agencies as His sovereign wisdom saw fit, and no farther! The present is also a peculiarly interesting and important crisis, but the broad eye of Heaven is upon us with peculiar surveillance! it is the turning point in the destiny of empires, as well as of individuals (solemn thought)!!

But now let us beware: the facility of intercourse between different nations of the earth may be fearfully perverted, and turned into a dismal withering blight, instead of being made the blessed means of spreading Gospel knowledge: shall we then dare to frustrate the gracious designs of Heaven towards us? If the introduction of the Greek Classics into Europe drew aside the veil of the dark ages, and if the invention of printing, paper-making, and other progressive movements, accelerated and perpetuated the advantages of the Reformation, (which assuredly under God's blessing and guidance they did,) then what may we not expect of the power of Steam, and the various *Religious Societies* and evangelistic labours of the

wise and good in modern times? Yes! truly the Christian is sanguine of great results; but, alas! alas! whilst he is gladsome and active in his holy labours of love, the enemy is busy also: in the deep shades of night he goes and sows his tares, and calls forth all his emissaries to his aid, knowing this full well, that "The time is short!" But this crisis is for Christians to work in: well, to appreciate the truth of this, we will just for a moment contemplate three collateral facts: the extensive prevalence of the English language; the present supremacy, on the political arena, of the nations who speak this language; and the power to distribute Books all over the world! Ours is the language of the Arts and Sciences, of Trade and Commerce, of Civilization and Religious Truth; the language of Protestantism; as a vehicle of our noble Institutions, and Creed of Christianity, it is "Belting the Earth!" pushing east and west, far as the Sun sheds forth his beams, or the Moon influences the restless Ocean! thus more copies of the sacred Scriptures have been published in the English language than in all other tongues combined!—indeed, it was lately suggested by a "first-class" speaker at a metropolitan meeting, that it may yet become the language of international communication for the whole world!—be that as it may, certain it is, that the nations speaking this language have gained the most extraordinary ascendancy, holding in

their hands the chief maritime commerce and naval power in the world ; giving tone to national opinion and feeling, sitting as arbiters among the nations, and extending their empire over the East, it certainly holds out a presage of the vast influence of the race sprung from these British Isles ! “ What shall we say then ? ” Shall we pervert this influence, and turn all this vast machinery for good into a radical and permanent evil ? God forbid ! Shall we send to the millions beyond the waves, Works of Philosophy and Reason, and withhold from them the Inspired Volume and the vital Soul-saving Truths of the Gospel ? let, however, none suppose that we would invidiously throw cold water over the writings and opinions of a virtuous Philosopher ; as such we greatly respect him ; but we want to see him more than a Philosopher, and more than virtuous ! we admire many of the aphorisms of Cicero, and should be glad to see them acted upon ; but we appreciate a Text of Scripture far beyond them : we think Philosophy is very good as far as it goes, if it teach morality and sincerity ; but we want more : a friend is a treasure, if only a feeble friend ; but when a stronger than he comes forth to protect you with ten thousand times more ammunition, and an Arm Omnipotent in strength, we assume you will forego your feeble grasp upon a feebler prop, and cling to the “ One mighty to save ! ” When Cræsus showed Solon his riches,

the latter remarked, "Ah well : but whoever should come to you with better Iron, ought to be made master of your Gold !" Virtue is beautiful ! but mark me, there is no such thing as patent virtue without a principle of real evangelical Religion ! the Iron is good, as far as it is Iron ; but it is nothing like the " Gold of Ophir !" Cicero says, in one of his Orations, "An able and ingenious Moral-ist, as savage and unsociable as he would make us and all mankind appear, by his philosophy took the utmost pains to show us that we were all being imposed upon by Religion, and in Morals by our Governors ; and he, with many others, laboured hard to prove it to us : " and he goes on to ask, " What shall we say then to these Anti-zealots, who, in the zeal of so much cool philosophy, shall assure us faithfully, that we really are the most mistaken men in the world ? " We reply, " Sir, the Philosophy you and your compeers have condescended to reveal to us is most extraordinary : we are (we presume) to be very much beholden to you for your instruction ; but pray, whence all this zeal on our behalf ? how do we stand related to you ? 'Are you our Father ? ' why all these pains on our account ? " Thus Cicero, with regard to a certain class of Philosophers in his day : we may, with tenfold propriety, put the same question now. No : but with an intelligent mind, a grateful heart, and an active hand, let us each and all do some-

thing more : let us convince the Philosopher, and in every way accelerate the cause of Piety and Peace, through this mighty instrumentality, and let us teach the foreign nations " God's saving health ! " whilst we learn from their sweet Flowers and Trees, lessons of love and wisdom !—Oh yes !

" What useful lessons we may learn
From fragrant flowers and trees,
Through sun and shade they upward grow,
And bend with evening's breeze.

" The spotless ' Valley Lily ' speaks
Of pure and heavenly birth,
The ' Sandal Tree ' of Indian grove
May teach the sons of earth !

" When wounded, in return it throws
Its balmy fragrance round,
And perfumes every breeze that blows
Across the parching ground !

" Could we but learn of that sweet tree
The law of Christian love,
This world of ours would soon become
A Type of that above ! "

Oh Christians ! let not a steamer plough the ocean without the Bible in her cabin ! The " English Navigation Company " is now furrowing the broad Pacific, amidst its thousand Islands ; let us resolve to sow beside all waters in God's name and might ; let us be stern in the principles of *Biblical* teaching, and let us zealously help our

Missionaries to plant the Bible in those remote and almost unknown regions !

But we again glance at these grave and momentous facts (as well we may) : surely every ingenuous and faithful bosom must heave a sigh—the deep-drawn sigh, at the sight of that heavy Thunder-cloud that has, at this time, darkened the world's moral atmosphere ! (as the writer has ignored all critical arrangement in this little work, she has expressed herself ingenuously, as the subject has presented itself to her mind.) We often speak of the tremendous power of the press ; but should the good which has hitherto been wrought by it be (in judgment, for our national sins,) transmuted into evil ; by what process of arithmetic can we calculate the cost and the catastrophe ? Oh, forbid it, gratitude and love ; forbid it, every noble emotion in the soul ; forbid it, Heaven ! Never ! never may the rising generation have to record the mournful fact, that an attempt was made in the year 1861 to despoil them of their richest, choicest treasures, the Bread and the Waters of Eternal Life !

Oh Essayist ! how can you retrieve the fearful injustice you have done your fellow creatures by thus casting a shadow upon God's Holy Word, by questioning the Inspiration of the Bible ! the lamp of human learning must shortly be extinguished—ere long, with you, and with us all, it must die out ! and if that be our only light ; if the oil of

Intellectuality be the only grace our Souls have fed upon, Oh then indeed THE ERRING Spirit would have to lament most bitterly its aberration from that blessed Book, and our wandering feet also without a guide, would be left to stumble upon "death's dark mountains!" (Isaiah.)

Again we would implore you bear with another word of faithful remonstrance—have you reckoned upon the *possibility* of the Bible being really the inspired Word of God? and if thus it should prove, then what of those electric passages of Holy Scripture, which treat of a sin so deadly in its nature, that an apostle declared it were almost hopeless to "pray for the pardon of it," and lips of tenderest love had so strongly denounced it as to make us quail at the thought of the results! but here "silence must be eloquence;" the inference is of such intensely solemn import, that the deep gloom of midnight, lighted up at intervals by the blue and forked flashes of unearthly lightning, and the wrathful pealing of God's deafening thunder to the guilty and unpardoned sinner; (struck down, and dumb, with dying agony,) this imagery can give but a feeble conception of the state and case of those who dare to challenge the Omnipotent, by doing "despite to the Holy Spirit!" The world would hail your recantation with heart-felt gratification: Yes, inconsiderate as mankind may be, there are but the exceptional few who can bear the thought of

the Teachers of Youth, and Ministers of Religion, thus swerving from the path of inspired Holy Truth!—even common sense is shocked by it, and the pious literally writhe under the infliction! Thousands and tens of thousands know by the honest conviction of their own intelligent and enlightened minds, and the happy experience of their bosoms, that the Bible *is* the inspired Word of God, and they view those who would attempt to lead them off the Bible Platform in no very friendly or gladsome aspect!

Can you bear the thought of such posthumous fame as that which stereotypes you throwing shadows over the bright pages of that Book that has been the solace of millions, and their safe Guide to Heaven? Mark me, when we write for God's glory and the good of immortal Spirits, and that motive alone propels our pen, we feel alike regardless of man's praise or scorn: the too speedily dismissed arrow from the critic's bow, lies harmless at our feet: we are justified in our own bosom, therefore we can good-naturally stoop to pick it up, and present it to him again! but where are you? well; you must wear the thistle with a withered rose and endure the shame; but although you presume upon having acquired such alpine heights in Science and Literature, it is quite certain that the "colossal man after all is, in comparison of Him who Rolled the Stars along," a mere Insect! an ephemeral

thing with glittering silken wings, displaying itself in the summer sunbeam, and then ere night its little fluttering life expires ! such is the Philosopher,—such is man ; but with this awful difference resulting, the insect becomes extinct, whilst Man is either blest or miserable for Ever ! The bright Orb of day, like its great Author, shines on—shines on ! whilst ungrateful Sceptics who were once warmed by His rays, will be alike forgotten and unknown ! but Oh how blessed ; how truly blessed is the Christian !—he possesses the learning that is beyond all price !—

“ The Christian ! he alone is great !

The Christian ! he alone is wise !

And the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.”

When in the living enjoyment of Nature, fresh as on a resurrection morn—the trees budding with young, mysterious life—the air laden with richest odours, filled with inimitable music, golden with the mellow light of the sun—you drink in health and vigour through every sense and pore, then you must surely feel that there is something all about you which philosophy has failed to register, and poetry to sing ! How miserably all the sciences seem to drag behind the grand realities of all vital existence ! So is it also with vital Christianity : it is a living, quickening principle, sanctifying every faculty of the soul, and warming up the heart with gratitude

and joy : it gives such an inward testimony of a Father's Hand and Heart being always in action for our guidance and welfare, as nothing can rob us of by any possible means ; and this living principle enables us "to trust Him when we cannot trace !" Yes, and it fills the bosom with an untold love and ardour for Him, who presented Himself a willing sacrifice to fulfil a broken law !

" There's not a strain to memory dear,
Nor flower in classic grove,
There's not a sweet note warbled here,
But tells us of His love !"

and we know by observation and experience too, that it is ever man's own fault that he is not in possession of this jewel : it would almost appear as though he were more than naturally averse to anything but shadows and counterfeits ; it would seem as though he were under some special infatuation or delusion from the Great Enemy of his Salvation, to prefer Reason to Faith, Philosophy to Revelation ; and would teach us that intellectuality is to supersede spirituality and so on, until he virtually denies Inspiration itself !

" Oh ! shame beyond the bitterest thought
That evil spirit ever framed,
That sinners know what Jesus wrought,
Yet feel their haughty hearts untamed !"

The Atheist, the Deist, the Infidel, and the Free-
I²

thinker had all intended to avail themselves of an attack made upon the Repertory of Christian jewellery, and sport with its precious pearls; but they forgot that "He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps," and if any of his Watchmen should, He quickly sends

" His Spirit with His Word,
To arm them for the field !"

Yet alas ! it is a painful but palpable truth, that Deism and Infidelity are fearfully prevalent now, and God's Ambassadors have good reason to blow the Trumpet with "no uncertain sound !" not only in the pulpit but everywhere : and the Christians of every denomination should make common cause against the general enemy ! The Atheist, we know, is one who foolishly says in his heart there is no God, (and in his conduct also denies him) ; but the Deist (who is a far more abounding character,) is equally dangerous, more perverse, and more absurd, for he concedes the existence of a God, yet denies Him, a Revelation of His Will to the creatures he has formed !—No laws to govern them ! no sanction, no guidance : nothing whereby they are to recognise their Maker and their Redeemer : their Restorer to lost happiness, more than what the Book of Nature teaches in all her many pictorial and fascinating lessons ! so the Deist (unconsciously) likens God to a ship-builder, who

thought it quite a sufficiently grand undertaking to see his vessel all complete, and having filled it with provisions, and manned it suitably with sailors and passengers, then launched it on the wide ocean, and bade it adieu, to make its passage somewhere, and float about anywhere, without having any compass, or chart, or rudder, to guide it; so the vessel was to be a sort of "Phantom Ship" and then to go down, and "all hands on board perish!" why we should be listless indeed if we could hear and witness the march of Infidelity and Deism, and not help "to sound a retreat" to the enemy, and fill the Gospel Trumpet with a breath of holy resolution to save the traveller ere night-fall!

"Who makes the Saviour all his theme,

The Gospel all his pride and praise;

Approach: for thou canst feel the gleam,

That round the martyr's death-bed plays:

Thou hast an ear for Angel's songs,

A breath the Gospel Trump to fill,

And taught by thee the Church prolongs

Her hymns and high thanksgiving still."

KEBLE.

Earnestness and spirituality are indispensable at all times, but now in a very special sense: we may be conscious or unconscious of having enemies in the world around us, but spiritual enemies we are but too well assured we have to con-

tend with : every real believer has to "wrestle against these powers of darkness," and it is not until, by the light of God's Spirit, we see our position, and begin to struggle to be free, that we know how degradingly we have been tied and fettered by the chains of sin, either in pride of intellect, or pride of heart ; or some other sad fetter ; but the hardest battle, and the worst enemy, assaults us at the last—the "last enemy to be destroyed is Death !" Prepared or unprepared, "No man hath power over the Spirit to retain the Spirit : neither hath he power in the day of death : and there is no discharge in that war !" (Eccles. viii., 8.) The business of every day should, therefore, be to examine well our spiritual armour, and see that all is in good condition : bright with active service, and well fitted to its parts and proportions : let us also be very jealous in this matter, that we are well instructed in spiritual tactics, and clearly understand who "the Captain of our Salvation" is ! "To whom coming," says the Scripture ! for what ? Absolution, and Justification, and Sanctification, and all spiritual strength and endowments ; fresh supplies of courage too ; to go on "conquering, and to conquer," and by God's aid and blessing, rescue many a soul from going down into the pit of perdition through unbelief.

The pious subject of these Memoirs when in that "awful place the pulpit," ever held high the

Gospel Magnet of attraction : remembering the promise made by lips Divine : " And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me ! " He preached Christ crucified so faithfully and pathetically, that it must have been a weak head and a heart of mill-stone to have resisted his appeals : firm as a rock in exalting the Saviour, yet tranquil as a star : blessed were the eyes that saw, and the ears that heard him ! There was one point in public worship he held very dear as being essential to keep up a warm devotional, experimental sense of a Saviour's love ; he insisted everywhere upon Redemption Hymns being sung, and when upon his death-bed, it was a pleasing reflection to him ; and having one morning mentioned it with great animation, he went on to say, " How strange it is that some Christians cannot see their standing : they can see that the reason the Jewish Sabbath was changed, and the Christian Sabbath took precedence of it, was on account of Christ bringing in the New Gospel Dispensation, and rising on the first day of the week ; but they must still adhere to Jewish Psalmody altogether, and refuse Him special praise for having accomplished what those Psalms predicted He should ; we love and respect the Psalms, but we must have Hymns too ; we must learn to sing the New Jerusalem song ! " He then raised his hands saying, " Oh, yes ! " be firm to that point of Hymn singing ! "

“ ’Twas great to speak a world from nought
But greater to Redeem ! ”

When in health, and in regular ministerial duty : he made it a point to select a Hymn suited to the leading features of his Discourse, and he would say Pure doctrinal Hymn-singing in conjunction also with the ancient Psalms, leads the heart and soul of some almost insensibly into the right channel ; they are, by the Spirit’s blessing upon this attractive means, almost, as I say, insensibly brought under the influence of Divine guidance. Yes, and the writer of these pages can attest the fact that two decided Deists, acknowledged to have gone to a place of worship for the express purpose of deriding the Preacher’s earnestness in establishing his “ myths ” (as they designated the Gospel) but they were both brought under the power of Divine Truth, for the first time whilst the congregation feelingly sang the following Hymn :

“ Rock of Ages ! rent for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side that flowed
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from guilt, and make me pure !
Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
That for Sin could not atone,
Thou must save and Thou alone.

In my hand no plea I bring
 But unto Thy Cross I cling !
 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
 When these eyelids close in death,
 When I enter Worlds unknown
 See Thee on yon sapphire throne.
 Rock of Ages rent for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee !"

Experience has convinced many who formerly were antagonistic to Evangelical Psalmody, they were in error, and the result of a change in their views on this subject has been so manifestly blessed, that one clergyman assured my dear Husband, he felt as though he had heard Angel hands strike a chord of approval of his sanction of the new taught Song of Redemption, and special praise to the Conqueror !

My dear Husband held pure and Scriptural doctrines ; all tenable ; that could be well defended by the Word of Inspiration ; (however obnoxious they may be to the heart of unregenerate man :) and he ever found that the simplicity of Truth being arrayed (with God's help) against the artillery of error, produced a blessed result. As regards the opinions he held upon the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, it may be stated (in a summary way,) that they were in strict accordance with those of that well known and highly appreciable Commentator, the late Rev. Thomas

Scott: therefore, in recommending the reader of these pages a perusal of "Scott's Essays upon the most important Subjects of Religion," a lucid explanation will be given of the doctrines he inculcated: there were, indeed, few who contended with him in these respects; the argument of his peaceful and unostentatious life, doubtless silenced many who held different opinions; there were, indeed, some exceptions; men who would neither hear nor forbear, of whom the Poet writes when he says:

"The deaf may hear the Saviour's voice,
 The fettered tongue its chain may break;
 But the deaf heart, the dumb by choice,
 The laggard soul, that will not wake,
 The guilt that scorns to be forgiven:
 These baffle e'en the spells of Heaven!"

KEBLE.

Oh! the faithful Minister of Religion who feels the awful responsibility of his office, would droop with deep solicitude for the Souls confided to his care, but that he knows full well he is but an hireling: the Great Shepherd is ever watching with His brilliant Eye, and by His Hand and Spirit, it is that the sheep go in and out, and find pasture! the faithful Minister of Religion takes good care to provide, as far as his part is concerned, wholesome and refreshing food, and to preach by example, as well as precept: he makes the doctrines he advocates

as lucid as may be, and as free from Romish mystification as the case will admit of ; he will put doctrine into the lips of his people that shall help them to a right apprehension : such as in the plain words of the following Hymn :

“ Praise ye JEHOVAH for His love,
To whose parental care we owe
A Mansion in that Home above,
And endless mercies here below.

“ Praise ye IMMANUEL ! SON OF GOD !
Forth from His wounded body rolls.
A precious stream of Vital Blood—
Pardon and life for dying Souls !

“ Praise ye the SPIRIT ! gladly praise,
Who in these hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
Which into boundless glory flow !

“ Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore !
We sing the conquest they have won,
Till time itself shall be no more !

“ Then, earnest Christian, rise and sing,
Mount ! but be sober on the wing ;
Mount up to Heaven by praise and prayer,
Be sober, for thou art not there !

‘ Till death thy clay-bound Spirit free,
The Lord hath said ‘ ’tis good for thee
To walk by faith and not by sight.’
Take it on trust a ‘ little while :’

Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
In the full sunbeam of His smile ! ”

And thus, like a tender parent, he will lead them on in the paths of wisdom, pleasantness, and peace, he will shew them how they may be happy even in this present life, with all its bereavements, pains, and tears ! ” he will teach them how possible it is for a tear and smile to meet together upon the same languid cheek ! Yes, he will shew them that the seeming Enigma has a sacred solution ! To him the Poet says :

“ Hold up thy Mirror to the sun,
And thou shalt need an eagle’s gaze,
So perfectly the polished stone,
Gives back the glory of his rays :
Turn it, and it shall paint as true
The soft green of the vernal earth,
And each small flower of bashful hue,
That closest hides its humble birth.

Our Mirror is a blessed Book,
Where out from each illumin’d page
We see one glorious Image look,
All eyes to dazzle and engage !
The Son of God ! and that indeed,
We see Him as He is we know ;
For in the same bright glass we read
The very life of things below ! ”

KEBLE.

Thus did the beloved subject of these memoirs,

who improved all events for the good of his flock ; and here we may remark that he felt a deep interest a few years ago respecting the great impetus given to man in the knowledge and practise of steam-power : he felt solemnly impressed with the belief, that it was in connection with the spiritual interests of mankind, and more especially so of the Jewish Nation : the experience and observation of the last few years have abundantly demonstrated the truthfulness of his remarks, and had he been spared he would (at this time) have published his views upon the subject, but he lives in the true meaning of the word : he is rejoicing now in the New Jerusalem with his dear children ; who also had learned to sing the Redemption Song, with which all Heaven rings !—the writer feels herself inadequate to do justice to the subject, therefore begs the reader to examine carefully the solemn truths announced by the Rev. Dr. Wallis, in his interesting little work, entitled, “ Look to Jerusalem ! ” he there sets forth distinctly that the period has arrived when the Gospel was to be and is being preached to all Nations ; then we know from Divine lips what was soon to follow, but we shall just give a short interesting quotation from “ Look to Jerusalem ! ”

“ Gentile hearts are softened towards the Israelite and awakened ; and Jewish prejudices are breaking down, and a course of events which

could be guided by no other Hand than that of the God of Abraham, runs in a current exactly answerable and suitable to all the remarkable indexes pointing to the Salvation of the Jews : this is a subject that calls for no argument; it is now an admitted truth ; and the breath everywhere that speaks upon the theme of compassion for Israel, is like the wind that sweeps over the Æolian Harp ; every string it touches, forces it (however tuned) into a sweet but melancholy harmony !

On the part of the Jews a traditionary data that leads them to expect their Messiah shortly, and thousands are looking anxiously forward to returning to their Father-land. Surely, then, with such preparedness of heart towards them ; such preparedness of feeling and expectation amongst them ; and, above all, with such preparedness of providential circumstances around them, it cannot be otherwise than that the days of their tribulation are fast passing away ! Oh the joy of having an inspired Guide, ever warning as well as comforting us, and pointing with its finger to glorious times close at hand !”

Inspiration ! why the inspired written Word is the very panacea we stand in need of for all our heart-wounds and various trials : “ say what mother that has had her child torn from her bosom—what husband an affectionate wife ; what wife a tender and confiding husband ; who, but for the divine

consolation of the sacred page, must have sunk beneath the stroke of bereavement : but there we see the light, and we feel the freshness of the heavenly atmosphere refreshing and restoring our spirits, just as the invigorating air of the morning after a night of watchfulness and weeping ! we see we are travelling fast towards the fruition of all our hopes : we feel a gladdening assurance that we shall shortly see "Eye to Eye, and Face to Face," Him whom our Soul loveth : we shall behold the Hand and the Side, with the nail and spear-mark on them still, and so will Israel too, and "wail because of it!"

"The dear tokens of His passion,
Still His dazzling body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation,
To His ransomed worshippers!"

Bereaved one ! "Look to Jerusalem," but do more : hear the voice of that tender Shepherd, whose accents are well known to those who love and follow Him, hear those accents now ; "Look unto Me !" Ah ! there is friendship for thee worth the name : no empty profession there ! no summer and winter season of love there ! No, No ! "Look unto Me !" Words of sweet and heavenly import these : falling into the heart's deep well from lips Divine ! soothing ; refreshing ; breathing new life within, without, and all around ! Oh cruel Essayist ! sadly too cruel ; that would rob the widow and

the stricken ones of all their real solace, all their patent source of consolation. Inspiration ! why take away our Bible, and our communion with Heaven is interdicted (for one evil involves the other), then lead us away to Arabia's Desert, that we perish speedily—no waters—no bread—nothing to sustain us there ! but, Essayist ! no need of exile to Arabia's Desert if denied the inspired Word ; what else would all around us be but an Arabian Desert ? Yet come Essayist, step on this height a while and behold from hence a solemn—soul-inspiring scene ; and lend a listening ear : mysterious sounds are in the breeze, all nature seems in holy waiting upon her Lord's command—look and listen too !

“ The gloom of Night is breaking !
 See now the Sunbeams rest
 With a faint but cheering radiance
 On the mountains of the west !

“ The mists are now departing
 From the valley and the plain ;
 And the Spirit is awaking
 They who ne'er shall sleep again !

“ And ye may hear who listen,
 For the Spirit's stirring song,
 As it surges, like the ocean,
 With its solemn bass along !

"Ho!* can ye stay the rivers?
 Can ye bind the wings of light?
 Can ye bring back in the morning
 The gloomy shades of night?
 "Nor can ye stay His impulse,
 Nor check it for an hour,
 Earth's weary sin-bound millions
 Shall feel His healing pow'r!
 "Come adore His mystic might,
 Key of nature's hardest lock!
 Now He pleads His holy office,
 And He strikes the granite Rock!
 "He breathes upon the Bible!
 And thy very heart is still;
 He points to yonder Cross,
 And thy bosom owns the thrill!
 "When the dews descend from Heaven,
 Nought of earth is present there;
 Fling away thy false Philosophy,
 And 'give thyself to Prayer!'"

Never let it be imagined that God will assuredly
 interpose at the hour of death, and, by an exertion
 of His power and benevolence, destroy the principles
 of sin, and prepare unjustified sinners for the joys
 of heaven: such an interference, in every individual
 case, would imply a continued miracle, and would
 be inconsistent with the established order of the
 Divine government; it would supersede the use

* Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.—Isa. lv. 1.

of all those instructions, admonitions, and moral preparations, which the Triune God has appointed for our conversion, and after-growth in holiness : but for our encouragement we are assured, that the Eternal Spirit's agency will ever give effect to our spiritual efforts, and that, whilst working in faith, we shall be blessed in our own souls, and also be made the honoured instruments in His hands of blessing others too :—this is just the employment we should love, and emulate the very Angels in :—they are Ministering Spirits also ; but only of a higher order—they are heavenly intelligencies ; we are creatures of the clay ! yet, we have Spirits that must burst their fetters, and be free, ere many Summers' Suns have set in yonder western Sky ! and Oh how sweet during our sojourn here is the reflection :

“ How cheering the thought, that the Spirits in bliss
Will bend their bright wings to a world such as this !
Will leave the sweet songs and the mansions above,
To breathe in our bosom some message of love !
They come—in the beams of the morning they come,
To minister comfort to some bereaved home !—
Some pilgrim to guard in his earthly abode,
Then bear him away to the bosom of God ! ”

But, Critic, say not this is merely the Poet's inspiration ; for our hearts' satisfaction we find this sentiment developed in the inspired Word of God !—
“ Are they not all Ministering Spirits sent to minis-

ter for them that shall be heirs of salvation !” (see Heb. i. 14.) and what can be more delightful for the bereaved Christian than to cherish these holy thoughts, and feel their full force of truth by actual experience? Nay, cold and calculating Critic, let not that assertion startle you : full well you know there are many facts that we are obliged to admit upon the evidence of sense, and of reason, but which yet lie far enough beyond the boundaries of our comprehension, (and what we term common sense,) the same may be affirmed of matters connected with the grand and glorious scheme of human Redemption (as we have before intimated) : the ministration of Angels to the human race is a subject full of absorbing interest to every intelligent Believer : how delightful to know that this really is a heavenly truth ; and not the mere “ Poet’s inspiration,” but valid Bible authority ! well, then, we know that in early Gospel times these heavenly intelligencies frequently appeared to the natural vision of us mortals ; yet, in every instance, there was a marked difference between them and human beings, although, in shape, they somewhat, (it seems,) resembled a beautiful human form :—the Angel who appeared at the tomb of our Saviour exhibited a bright and resplendent form : “ His countenance was like the brightness of lightning, and his raiment as white as snow,” glittering with an extraordinary *lustre*, beyond what mortal eyes could

bear. The Angel who delivered Peter from the prison, to which he had been confined by the tyranny of Herod, was arrayed in such splendour that a glorious light shone through the whole apartment where the Apostle was bound, dark and gloomy as it was. That these beings have organs of speech, capable of forming articulate sounds and of joining in musical strains, appears from the words they uttered on these and other occasions, and from the Hymn they sang in the plains of Bethlehem, when they announced the birth of the Saviour. They appear to possess the property of rendering themselves *invisible* at pleasure; for the Angel that appeared to Zacharias in the sanctuary of the Temple, was invisible to the surrounding multitude without, both at the time of his entrance into, and his exit from, the "holy place." They used to be employed to perform important offices, and convey embassies from the Court of Heaven (if we may be allowed the expression,) to this lower World; and Oh, it is peculiarly solemn, interesting, and affecting, to consider this subject of "Ministering Spirits" in connection with the grand and stupendous science of Astronomy! the two, when united by the golden link of Faith, are so intensely absorbing, that, were it not for the incessant demands of active life and usefulness, the Heart and Soul would be thrown into this ocean of light and beauty, and we might be but too happy for this present state of ex-

istence! The perfections of the Angelic Tribes we see in Scripture, are incomparably superior to those of men : they are represented as possessed of powers capable of enabling them to wing their flight, with amazing rapidity, from world to world : for the Angel Gabriel, being commanded to fly swiftly, while the Prophet Daniel was engaged in supplication, approached him before he had made an end of presenting his requests : during the few minutes employed in uttering his prayer, this Angelic Messenger descended from the celestial regions to the country of Babylonia : this was a rapidity of motion surpassing the comprehension of the most vigorous imagination, and far exceeding even the velocity of *light* :—they have power over the objects of inanimate nature ; for one of them “ rolled away the stone from the door of the Sepulchre,” at the time of Christ’s resurrection :—they are intimately acquainted with the springs of life, and the avenues by which they may be interrupted ; for an Angel slew, in one night, 185,000 of the Assyrian army :—they are perfectly acquainted with all the relations which subsist among mankind, and can distinguish the age and character of every individual throughout all the families of the earth ; for one of these powerful beings recognised all the first-born in the land of Egypt ; distinguished the Egyptians from the children of Israel, and exerted his power for their destruction ; and, as they are

"Ministering Spirits for the Heirs of Salvation," they must have a clear perception of the persons and characters of those who are the objects of the Divine favour, and to whom they are sent, now we say :

"These are the tones to brace and cheer,
 The lonely watcher of the Fold,
 When nights are dark and foemen near,
 When visions fade and hearts grow cold !
 How timely then a comrade's song,
 Comes floating o'er the mountain air,
 And bids us yet be bold and strong
 Fancy may die, but Faith is there !"

KEBLE.

Oh could our mortal eye behold these "Flying Pursuivant!" when in their zeal to save our Spirits from the dread Enemy of Man, (and all his legion) ; "they watch, and ward, and duly fight !" they cleave the air triumphantly when on the wing for special embassy passing the huge Planets and the flaming Comet by !

"In still Immensity the unheard Comet rolls ;
 No visioned eye his path may comprehend,
 Or dread imagination dream what Planets shrink
 As on the burning desolator sweeps !"

MONTGOMERY.

My dear Husband unsparingly preached the truth of Ministering Spirits for the heirs of Salvation, and saw many blessed results ; for the

last four years of his pulpit ministrations in his own parish he had been a most emphatic and earnest extemporaneous preacher, and in all respects he was eminently qualified for it: his style of delivery was peculiarly solemn, his voice possessed great compass, and was well modulated: his action was dignified, and suited to the subject; and so strikingly earnest was his appearance and demeanour in the pulpit, that a gentleman who had long been deprived of the sense of hearing, who used to attend his occasional ministry (during his sojourn at the Coast,) said, He did so because it solemnized his mind to look at him, and he could enjoy his Bible the more in private afterwards! the sincerity of his heart and soul in his ministrations was matchless: and here we may mention as a proof how secondary an object Church emolument was to him, he refused a Living of £250 a year, with a most desirable Rectory and Glebe, and afterwards a Chaplaincy of £300, (by our mutual consent), and having had an accession of private fortune, he was enabled to indulge his love of rural ministrations and forego any addition to his income: his faithfulness in remonstrating, or reproving; his tender sympathy with the distressed, and his affectionate intercessory prayers for them, was altogether as refreshing to the mind as though "an Angel had shaken his wings!" but there was a hidden

secret in it all ; he possessed that principle of living Faith, which, realizing the Redeemer's Incarnation, and Atonement, produces a strong principle of Love : this actuated him whilst living, and when at length the body failed ; "the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken at the fountain," when Faith and Hope were about to surrender their charge into the hands of the Redeemer ; then, this Heaven-born Love shone forth in all its beauty, and merged into its blood-bought everlasting felicity ! Yes ! when the time had arrived for him to take his upward flight, God applied the truths he had so affectionately and so faithfully preached to others, to his own heart with more than ordinary power and unction ; as though the Divine Hand, were resolute to set His Seal in a peculiarly effective manner to the Evangelical doctrines His minister had lived and taught ! He was an unselfish Christian, who looked not so much at the crown purchased for him, as at the "pierced Hand" that held it out to him, and when upon his bed of death, he was, in truth, a brilliant testimonial for the "Truth as it is in Jesus !" in his personal appearance also ; there he was on the bed of death a perfect model for any Sculptor or Painter ; his fine features lighting up with Divine Love, heightening, and brightening hour by hour, and beaming with intelligence, consummated the Heavenly portrait. (Here permit me to remark, that

these brief Memoirs were written with the view to glorify God in his faithfulness to His followers, and to memorialize a happy Believer who was so richly blessed both in his life and in his death ; and it is very encouraging to us to remember, that we have the same spiritual resources to fly to ; the same Divine Spirit to counsel and guide us ; the same tender Saviour to attract us by his Cross to love Him (as he had ;) and why should not the experience of my now glorified Husband be as a bright beacon in a dark valley, to give fresh life and energy to our Faith and Hope and Love? It is to be regretted, however, that the pen employed is so inadequate for the purpose assigned to it, but it has been a deep channel for the feelings of a bereaved heart to flow into, and if any expression should give offence, benevolence must kindly throw the mantle of Christian love over it ; (considering that it is Eventide with the writer, and that shadows are premonitory there is not much more time left for work !) nothing, however, would be more gratifying to her than to know that even one of her fellow-creatures had been induced to clasp the Bible to their bosom, through the medium of the faithful and affectionate Tablet thus dedicated to her ever-blessed Husband's memory. May the Holy Spirit teach us by that transparent Mirror of the mind and will of God—the Bible—that it is in love and much mercy to our eternal interests,

He breaks the enchantment of earth, and takes away our household Idols, one by one : may we all learn to understand His procedure, and appreciate His Divine purposes towards us ! Oh we are very wayward creatures ; either priding ourselves upon our mental or moral standing, inflated with self-approbation and self-esteem ; or, alas ! wilfully regardless of anything but present enjoyment ; thus we compel Him to cut the Tendrils away, that He may (humanly speaking,) bring us to His own Hand and Heart ! Yes : our own experience but too well proves the truth of this testimony : but may we make the surrender of ourselves to God, and “ Bind the Bible to our bosom,” (as my ever-blessed Husband said :) and may the love of it, like an electric chain, enclose within its circle thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow-creatures, and teach us all how to live and how to die, so as to enjoy, (through Christ,) the eternal sunshine of God’s countenance ! for God is Love and He would have us all be happy both here and hereafter. He would have the rich and poor know where real peace is to be found ; but if, indeed, religious Truth were like the Sciences, intricate and abstruse, demanding for its study, not only the highest order of intellect, but all the resources of a solid education, such as books, learned-leisure, and all other refined and expensive appliances ; *then, alas !* we should have to “ hang our harps

upon the willows," for millions of our fellow-creatures would perish for want of the Bread and the Waters which the Bible supplies ! we say, to blend Religion with the daily routine of life would be to millions an utter impossibility ! And then, again, as regards those who are in a state of mediocrity of circumstances ; not obliged to labour for a livelihood, but yet not mentally qualified to master the higher mathematics or metaphysics, or every Science based on recondite and elaborate reasonings, requiring laborious investigation and acuteness of intellect ; we say if Religious truth were placed upon the same footing with these human Sciences, it would be cruelly placed beyond the reach of millions ! Oh, we say that by asserting erudition is absolutely necessary to comprehend the Scriptures, we toll the knell of happiness for millions of our fellow creatures ! No, no ! but we prefer making them happy here and hereafter ; and therefore we love the Angels' song of " Good news ! glad tidings of great joy " not for the palace only, but for the lowly cottage too ! and if ever we feel any approach to indignation, it is when some resolute, and roving Spirit ; robed in unsanctified Science ; would despoil the unlettered but earnest cottager, and his happy healthy circle, of their almost only wealth—an inspired Bible ! why they would have to say with heavy heart and tearful eye, Oh, Learning and Religion are very

fair flowers, but they are not to be culled by me or any of my dear family; we have not a head to understand hard dogmas and puzzling doctrines, and so we must be content to live and die without Religion!! but, happily for the human race, the very reverse of the medal is the truth; it is the Philosopher, (after all,) who stands the worst chance of being possessed of Religion!! the poor, unlettered man, though almost a fool, "shall not err" if he lean and listen to the teaching of God's Holy Spirit! The Gospel is no such system of high and abstract truth as men would have us to believe! but, oh! were the tender Saviour treading the world's highway again, it is but too plain He and His Gospel would meet with the same reception as before; and with His heart of love He would have again to sigh forth in sorrow, "Except ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe!" No! nor even with signs and wonders will they yet believe. The Christian believes because he loves, and loves because he believes; but ere long he shall see Him whom his heart adores, "Eye to eye and face to face," the Bridegroom of his Soul! he shall hear the cry (it may be at midnight :) "Behold the Bridegroom cometh;" then his happy heaven-trained Spirit will joyfully respond, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly!" But, now, philosophizing critic, think not this ecstatic ardour, or *rhapsodical* enthusiasm, which it is unjustifiable to

expect, or to attain in our present state of existence. No, for it is the prerogative and desire of every vital Believer, and either in a sweet sense of peace with God, and the full assurance of faith in Christ, he will humbly and calmly do, or suffer, all God's righteous will, or He will be triumphant in life and in death, "more than Conqueror," as was the subject of these Memoirs! But unless the Spirit of the living God arouse the unawakened from the deep sleep of unbelief (that stupor of the soul), no Signs, no wonders, nothing less than that trumpet-sound that will bring forth the dead from their graves will make him hear or see! but the greatest of all wonders is the forbearance of our God, "Whose anger doth so slowly move; whose willing mercy flows apace!" and at this crisis, let all look to Jerusalem for a suggestion; the Jewish nation are at this very time preparing for the great event of their Messiah appearing. Oh! let us beware! lest, after all, the last shall be first. Whilst writing these lines from this beautiful spot (Exmouth Beacon), the remembrance of the last interesting conversation of the beloved subject of these Memoirs recurs in all its freshness to my memory; it was relating to the house of Israel (his favourite theme), and every sentiment he expressed with regard to them was fraught with intensity of interest and depth of feeling. Alas! how often have we traversed that beach in long-tried affections

silvery bands, where now, in vain my eye would rove, to catch a sight of his elastic step, and prepare for his gladsome greeting ! Oh, it is blessed still, the recollection of such sacred love is blessed still, and must terminate only with existence ; say not this is incompatible with the depth of religious truth advocated in these pages, and that it is wrong to cherish still, that ardent glowing love for one whom God's own Hand hath snatched away ! it is not a rebellious principle within the bereaved bosom. Oh ! No, but the faithful Widow's heart will be heard, and bear a magnanimous testimony to departed worth even to her latest breath.

“ He was a star, my way to bless
 Whilst other lights were sleeping,
 To guide my feet in Righteousness,
 And save my Eye from weeping !
 Most blessed hath life's journey been
 With Heart and Soul in union,
 Each object dear, together seen,
 In holy deep communion !
 And if intrusive sorrow stole
 A moment o'er our gladness,
 'Twas but to lead the kindred Soul,
 To Heavenly balm for sadness !”

This July morning, the Sea appears in all its summer loveliness ; serene and cerulean too ; vieing with its Sister Sky in purity and azure softness :
 “ Beautiful ever !” and now and then a happy

little excursion party skimming its smooth surface ; doubtless as they glide along they are exchanging bright and joyous smiles of family affection ; may a Father's blessing from on High, descend upon each and all of them, (and the sunburnt Sailors too, with their ever-ready hand and heart !) Yonder are the red-sand-stone Rocks of quiet retiring Dawlish, (of deeply sacred memory), and beyond them we see the outline of the Torquay coast and its artistic district ; giving the finishing touch to this soft and lovely South Devon, coast-line landscape ; but if we want its opposite, that is, grandeur and magnificence, and Nature unassisted, we must journey Northward, to Ilfracombe and Lynton ; where my beloved Husband used to luxuriate in doing good as well as in recruiting bodily health. We must still concur with Bowdler in his expressive line,

“ Ours is a lovely world !”

but beautiful as it is, it must be conceded to the bereaved Widow, (after an union of heart and soul for thirty-six years,) that a “ Change has come over the spirit of the dream,” the Rocks, and the Ocean, the Strand, and the happy faces all around, testify to the same sentiment which we reiterate,

“ Ours is a lovely world !”

but where are they, my precious ones, who used to

traverse those *sands* with elastic foot and gladsome eye ; emulous which should have highest praise accorded for the many treasures they had found for me? Oh where is he: my long-tried, faithful "Abdiel," my Husband? who but twelve months ago, upon that Beach was telling me of that bright future, where with our children we should one day join in all the concert of high Heaven's harmony?

" One year ago ! what love, what joy,
 What peaceful life,
 What heavenly hope—what calm delight,
 What watchful—holy strife.

" The silent picture on the wall,
 The grave-yard stone
 Of thee, my precious one,
 Remains alone !

" One year—one year—one little year,
 And so much gone !
 And yet the even flow of life
 Moves calmly on.

" No pause—no hush of birds
 That fill the grove,
 Tell us he whom we loved
 We cannot see to love.

" Where hast thou been this year beloved ?
 What hast thou seen ?
 What visions fair, what glorious life,
 Where hast thou been ?

“ The veil ! the veil ! so thick and strong,
 ’Twixt thee and me ;
 The mystic veil, when will it fall
 That I may see !

“ Not dead, nor sleeping, not even gone,
 But present still !
 And waiting for the coming hour
 Of God’s sweet will.

“ Lord of the living and the dead,
 Redeemer dear !

I lay in silence at Thy feet,
 This sadly solemn year !!” (1860.)

MRS. BEECHER STOWE.

But, Oh, my blessed William ! how would thy faithful affectionate bosom have been pierced with pain could thine eye have been gifted with prophetic vision to see me (only a few months in prospective) traversing this beach without thee by my side ! Oh, how would it have marred every moment of our happiness.

Hush, hush, fond nature ! hear the voice of Faith, and see ; there is this little well-known Motto inscribed on everything around—on Rock, and Ruin, Sea and Sky, “Tempus fugit” !! and they who are gone before us we shall shortly meet again ! a few more stations, and then the Terminus ! but an involuntary sigh here prompts the solemn question, do we all make a right calculation about our Home and our reception at the end of

our journey? we have no time to lose, (for we are travelling at tremendous speed;) and to find ourselves wrong in this respect would then be an irremediable mistake: are we quite sure, that we are upon the right line for conveying us safely Home? the very idea appears ridiculous in the extreme, and yet, (after all,) many thousands, Alas! with all their boasted wisdom and superlative strength of mind, have taken the wrong Line to their ultimate surprise and sorrow! Happily some have discovered their mistake in time to rectify it, and have rescued others also who were unconscious of being in the same case; (and thus it should ever be:) "Let those who have light impart it to those who have none," and we should soon all be one happy family, Heavenward and Homeward bound! let us all in humility of spirit and sincerity of purpose point out a pitfall wherever we see one, and with kind hand lend our aid to the rescue of any victim there!

But e'er we part, and (it may be) bid a last adieu, the writer would make a faithful and affectionate appeal to every heart on behalf of the thousands who, in all large Cities, are in a state of destitution and wretchedness: When you place the green-house flowers, so tastefully arranged in that chaste cornucopia on your centre table in your elegant apartment, think, how many a *beautiful* flower lies drooping and decaying for want of

a kind hand to supply it with the means to keep up its vitality : how many a lovely Rose would well reward you with the fragrance of its gratitude ! how many an eye dim with hunger or disease would brighten at your approach ; how many a heart would beat audibly with joy, to hear your foot-fall upon the disjointed floor ! Is there no luxury in such returns as these ? Oh ! let us leave awhile our flowery carpets, and test it well ! and also whilst recruiting our health and spirits, by the sea-side, let us award to ourselves the inward gratification upon our return home, of knowing that many a heart has learnt a happy lesson from us whilst there, that many a poor fisherman's eye has glistened at the pathetic tale of the Cross ! Let us see how wondrously that Great Spirit, with transforming might, can shape a Sinner's Soul to learn God's will and love it ! there is often a lovely germ latent in bosoms where we should least expect to find it, and when once roused from its dormant state into life and beauty, who shall estimate the price of that Pearl ? and let the Railroad too, be made subservient to our own spiritual interests, and also that of others, and, Oh, never, never let us be deluded with the belief that without practical Christianity we can be saved ! a faith without works is not a justifying faith ; and, although it is possible to spend a whole life in works of charity, and yet have no justifying faith, and be lost at

last, by supposing that these good works can merit God's favour, and purchase Heaven, instead of an entire reliance upon the Atonement made by Jesus; yet, on the other hand, we see by the written Word, we cannot be saved without them! We are to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, both with natural and spiritual food; or He who so tenderly identifies Himself with the poor and humble Believer will argue the point of our justification! (See from the 34th and following verses of the 25th chap. of St. Matthew's Gospel). Let us all be watchful and faithful to our eternal interests, and then: Oh Believer in Jesus! the earth upon which we tread may sink beneath our feet; the sky above our heads may be black with the gloom of midnight, but in the "Ark of the New Testament," we are secure, and our spiritual firmament will be bright, and brighter still, until we find ourselves in Heaven's own light!

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words," and ye Widows and Fatherless, check the deep sigh of bitter bereavement: listen to the still small voice of Divine love, to hush that wounded heart into a sweet and holy rest, and whilst ye are "nearing Home," rejoice for the sake of others that the day is dawning, when the "Tragedy of twice three thousand years" shall end! when there shall be no more weeping, no more Death, but all *will be* blissful Immortality!

"Then rouse thee from desponding sleep,
 Nor by the way-side lingering weep,
 Nor fear to trust Him farther in the wild,
 Whose love can turn earth's worst and least,
 Into a conqueror's royal feast,
 Thou wilt not be untrue ; thou shalt not be beguiled."

KEBLE.

And because of the conflicting opinions, and
 creeds, and systems of men, let us beware of casting
 shadows upon the Inspired Word of God ! let us
 not, because the streams in their earthly course
 contract alloy, disparage the pure and transparent
 well of Gospel Truth, nor lend an ear to any erring
 spirit who would induce us to believe there is a
 massive stone placed upon that Well which can only
 be removed by the magical might of a colossal Phi-
 losopher ! now mark me well : we may be deemed
 with truth,

"Colossal Spirits, large of understanding,
 Of memory infinite, and judgment deep,
 Clad in all learning, and all Science know
 And all phenomena in Heaven and Earth,
 Trace to their causes ; trace the labyrinths
 Of thought, association, passion, will ;
 And all the subtle, nice affinities,
 Of matter trace ; its virtues, motions, laws ;
 And most familiarly and deeply talk,
 Of mental, moral, natural, divine ;
 Leaving the Earth at will ; soaring to Heaven ;
 Telling of Constellations, and the Skies ;

And to the music of the rolling Spheres,
 Intelligently listen ! doing all that cultivated mind
 can do,
 And yet ; if not in Christ, if not within that Ark ;
 Oh ! when the billowy Deluge comes (as come it must),
 Like Pharaoh's Host profane and proud, Alas ! Alas !
 we perish ! ! ”

But let us not be misunderstood : let us not by any means go to opposite extremes : we greatly appreciate true philosophy, for never did the Works of God clash with His written Word, if rightly apprehended ; but on the contrary, the one sets its seal to the other, and ever must ; we must be ever vigilant and jealous in defence of the Inspired Word : and however men may conflict (as we say,) in their notions and creeds ; we cannot ; we dare not, as New Testament Believers, permit a word of disregard and disrespect to be enunciated against it : this constitutes the wrong we now complain of ; this is the infliction all vital Christians now writhe under !

Oh (says the eloquent writer of the “Silver Trumpet”) it is an awful and a fearful thing to pervert the pure Gospel of Christ ! a single error may prove fatal to thousands of Souls ! what shall we say then to that Upas Tree which many are cultivating with daring hand in the Church, beneath whose poisonous shade all vital truth withers, all *spirituality* expires ! the denial of the doctrine of

regeneration by the Holy Spirit ; the necessity of inward sanctification; the sole authority of the Word of God : and for these substituting for conversion a mere assent of the mind to a creed and change of the outward conduct ; the power of pardoning sin by ministerial absolution ; personal union with Christ a partaking of the Sacrament ! membership with the mystical Church of Christ by external profession ! surely no comment is necessary to show how fatally destructive such views and doctrines as these must prove ; by quieting unholy consciences, and lulling the Soul into a spiritual torpor until it is aroused by the realities of Eternity ! the earthquakes of Lisbon, the eruptions of Vesuvius throwing up its igneous balls, whilst rivers of liquid lava flow down its heaving sides, overwhelming Cities and Families innumerable in destruction, is, after all, but a faint picture of the "False Teacher" who preaches another Gospel than that of Jesus Christ ; who under an external decent sacerdotal vestment insidiously leads the Soul away from Jesus ! Oh let us be affectionately faithful with erring Brethren, and warn them of their danger (as well as securing ourselves) and let them "Not count us Enemies in so doing !" but the truth of the New Testament we will insist upon with living and with dying earnestness ; as for the New Testament Miracles, the manifest sincerity of those who attested them, and who suffered in the cause, and that not for mere opinions which they held, but for facts which

they perceived by their senses also—the silence of inveterate and impassioned enemies most anxious (if they could) to have transmitted the decisive refutation of them to modern times, pretty fairly argue, for the strength of our later Scriptures. Oh yes! and we cannot forbear amidst all that is imagined about the sufficiency of the natural argument; to offer one passing homage to those greater or lesser lights of our moral hemisphere,* which unitedly have poured a wide flood of radiance over the field of our reason and the pages of Revelation! Doubtless, ere long

“ Jesus will come; but not the same,
 As once in lowly form He came,
 A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead!

Jesus will come! a dreadful form,
 With Wreath of flame, and Robe of storm,
 On billowy clouds and wings of wind,
 Majestic judge of human kind!

Can this be He who, wont to stray
 A pilgrim on the world's highway?
 By power oppressed, and mocked by pride,
 Oh God! is this the Crucified?

Go tyrants! to yon Rocks complain!
 Go seek that mountain's cleft in vain!
 But Faith victorious o'er the tomb,
 Shall shout with joy “ The Lord is come!”

BISHOP HEBER.

* The Writers upon Jewish History and Prophecy.

Oh! had the now glorified subject of these Memoirs been still a fellow pilgrim with us here, he would doubtless have blown "The Gospel Trumpet with no uncertain sound," he was a well qualified Watchman for Israel; he was (as before stated) a profound Mathematician, and a sound Greek scholar; (for private study he always preferred the Greek to the Latin or English Testament,) and he was an acknowledged critic in the Greek Testament: he was fond of the Sciences, and also of the Fine Arts, but he knew it was at the peril of his Spiritual life, ever to withdraw his foot from the Bible and New Testament Platform! he knew how possible it was to be beguiled by "Philosophy falsely so called," and, therefore, he made Science friendly to, and not antagonistic to Christianity, and wherever the boundary became doubtful, he immediately planted his "Standard," upon which was legibly inscribed in deepest crimson; "Jesus Christ! the same to-day, as yesterday, and for ever!"

From Philosophy alone, or from the World, we never shall find "Peace!" who seeks it there, is seeking "Mellow grapes beneath the Icy Pole!" and how frequently have we seen that an undue, or an unsanctified love of Literature and the Sciences, have proved a severe weapon to wound the bosom of the Philosopher: how often have we applied the words of the Poet to such an one:

" 'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
 And dealt the bleeding wound that laid thee low ;
 So the struck Eagle, stretched on yonder plain,
 Despaired through rolling clouds to soar again,
 Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
 And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart ;
 Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
 He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel ;
 While the same plumage that had warmed his Nest,
 Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast ! "

But the Poet's imagination is too sombre for us, we take higher ground, and we invoke a Spirit-refreshing gale to recruit our wounded Eagle and his soaring compeers ; we challenge the sweet Mountain breeze, and the Sunbeams of Heaven to cheer and restore ! him and we tell him, (upon Divine authority,) that, although wounded, there is a Divine hand held out to him to adjust his plumage and strengthen his pinions, the Word of Love and Mercy is pledged, that if he will relent, God will breathe new life into him, and enable him to rise again ! Yes ! we may see him mount again ; soaring higher and higher : more powerful on the wing ; stronger in the vision ; piercing through the meridian light and heat of solar brightness ; a peerless Eagle ! acquiring new majesty by the grace with which he rises from his wounded and prostrate position, until our eyes fail to follow him beyond those dense and curling, silver-bound,

thunder-clouds ; with a now spiritualized vision and powerful pinion, he may soar so high, so triumphantly, so majestically in the brilliant beams of Heavenly Science that we may almost lose sight of him ! God will put forth His power to realize that glorious word, "They shall mount up with wings as an Eagle !" and the relenting Essayist shall behold the "New Jerusalem Glory !"

Oh, we would see the Philosopher graced with sanctified learning, at the head of our ranks : we would see him make the surrender of himself and all his literary acquirements to our great Leader, and twine his laurels around that Cross on solemn Calvary ! In truth, all our trophies must be brought to that one spot ; all our energies must be brought to bear upon that one absorbing theme, the Redeemer's agonizing Love ! we should ever cherish a strong principle of glowing gratitude in our bosoms for His peerless tenderness, and that alone would impel us to seek His honour and glory, and not our own ; but "The time is short," human life may well be compared to the flying Arrow that so swiftly wings its way to its place of destination." "Yet a little while," and all justified Believers shall surely realize all the sublime, the stupendously glorious apocalyptic visions of the New Testament ! in God's own time and manner we shall all shortly hear the announcement, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh !" it may be by lingering *disease*, or by a sudden dismissal ; but if secure

in Christ all will be well ; no amount of mortal suffering can despoil us of our hope of a future inheritance ; for we have built that hope upon the "Rock of Ages !" Ministering Spirits may watch us battling with mortality, but they will wait with anxious love to see the last link break that binds us down to clay, and the Spirit of God will impart such strength as will enable us to be "More than Conquerors ;" we shall fear no evil, but go forth rejoicing to meet the Bridegroom of our soul, and our justified Spirit gently entering upon the Border-land ; in amongst the breaking shadows, and the softly unfolding light of Heaven shall be encouraged and animated (it may be) by sweet strains of Angelic minstrelsy, we may hear a few notes of the "Seraphim's Song," ere we behold with wondering ecstasy, the glorious vision of the things now unseen and eternal ! Aye ! and doubtless too, we shall then be recognised by the dear, dear earthly beloved ones who have gone before us, and we shall also recognize them amidst the crowded lines of the Redeemed, or behold them awaiting our arrival, and be borne by them in thrilling ecstasy to yonder sapphire Throne ! Ah then we shall find by a beatific experience, that Faith, and Hope, and Love, were heaven-born principles : Seraphs who, (so to speak), ever true to their post of honour and of trust, shone forth *brightest*, and proved strongest, when we stood

most in need of their aid, and at length safely delivered us into His hands who purchased for us the costly wedding Robe, and prepared for us that resplendent Home, where we shall live, and love, "To go no more out for ever!"—the writer's heart is full to overflowing; yet ere she retraces her steps for a few moments to the Chamber of Death : she must plead forgiveness of her readers for the many digressions and failures of her little memorial tablet, but humbly trusts that the "Recording Angel" will prove her friend, and be justified in pronouncing of her : "She hath done what she could !" Her dear Husband had said in the morning of his departure, "No more speaking !" but the solemn truths he had been impressing upon all who visited him for three weeks previously, can surely never, never, be forgotten ! a few brief words from the Chamber of Death, and the writer takes an affectionate farewell of all her readers, with a heartfelt blessing. On that couch lay one beaming with intelligence, whose spiritual view of eternity was so clear, that had he seen in open vision the glories of the celestial City, and the Redeemer's Arm outstretched to receive His faithful Minister, he could not have felt more assured, nor have been more calm and happy, than he was. It was Night, and the sky without, was dark with nature's deepest gloom, and all was hushed and silent ; save when the Night Winds swept along over hill and valley

with fitful impetuosity ; but all was solemn and still within—it was the stillness of the Chamber where “ Mortality is swallowed up of Life ! ” Say : was it Night with my believing and beloved Husband then ? Oh no ! Oh no ! it was his dawn of everlasting Day ! His “ Spiritual Firmament ” was lighting up with God’s eternal Sunbeams ! His Eye of Faith was fixed upon “ The bright and the Morning Star : ” the Song of the Seraphim broke in upon his listening ear : His mortal fetters fell : His Spirit now was freed, and JESUS TOOK HIM HOME ! !

He departed this life October the 5th, 1860, at Launceston, and his remains were interred at St. Leonard’s, Exeter, with the following Inscription on his Tomb—

“ MORE THAN CONQUEROR THROUGH HIM WHO
LOVED HIM ! ”

Oh, let us keep within view that solemn inscription, written with the Diamond : “ Behold the Bridegroom cometh ! ” and may the Church of Christ as a Body, and each individual member of her, be enabled to breathe forth the Poet’s inspiration with sincerity of Heart and Soul :

“ Break up the Heavens, Oh Lord ! and far,
Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy Bride, a glittering Star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
The flashes come and go !
All Heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up ! The gates
Roll back, and far within,
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits ;
Who made me pure of sin !
The Sabbath of Eternity ;
One Sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining Sea—
The Bridegroom and His Bride !”

TENNYSON.

EXETER :
PRINTED BY WILLIAM POLLARD, NORTH STREET.



